

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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## OUR NEW VOLUME.

In this, the first number of our Twenty-eighth Volume, we give, in the list of our contributors, an array of names associated with the highest order of literary talent, which, together with our fine illustrations of the Inauguration of President Grant, and the general improved appearance of the paper, will enable the public to realize that we have fairly entered upon the New Era in Illustrated Journalism that has been recently announced in these columns.

Within a few weeks we shall commence the publication of a new serial story by an Ameri-



HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, OF MAINE, SPEAKER OF THE NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

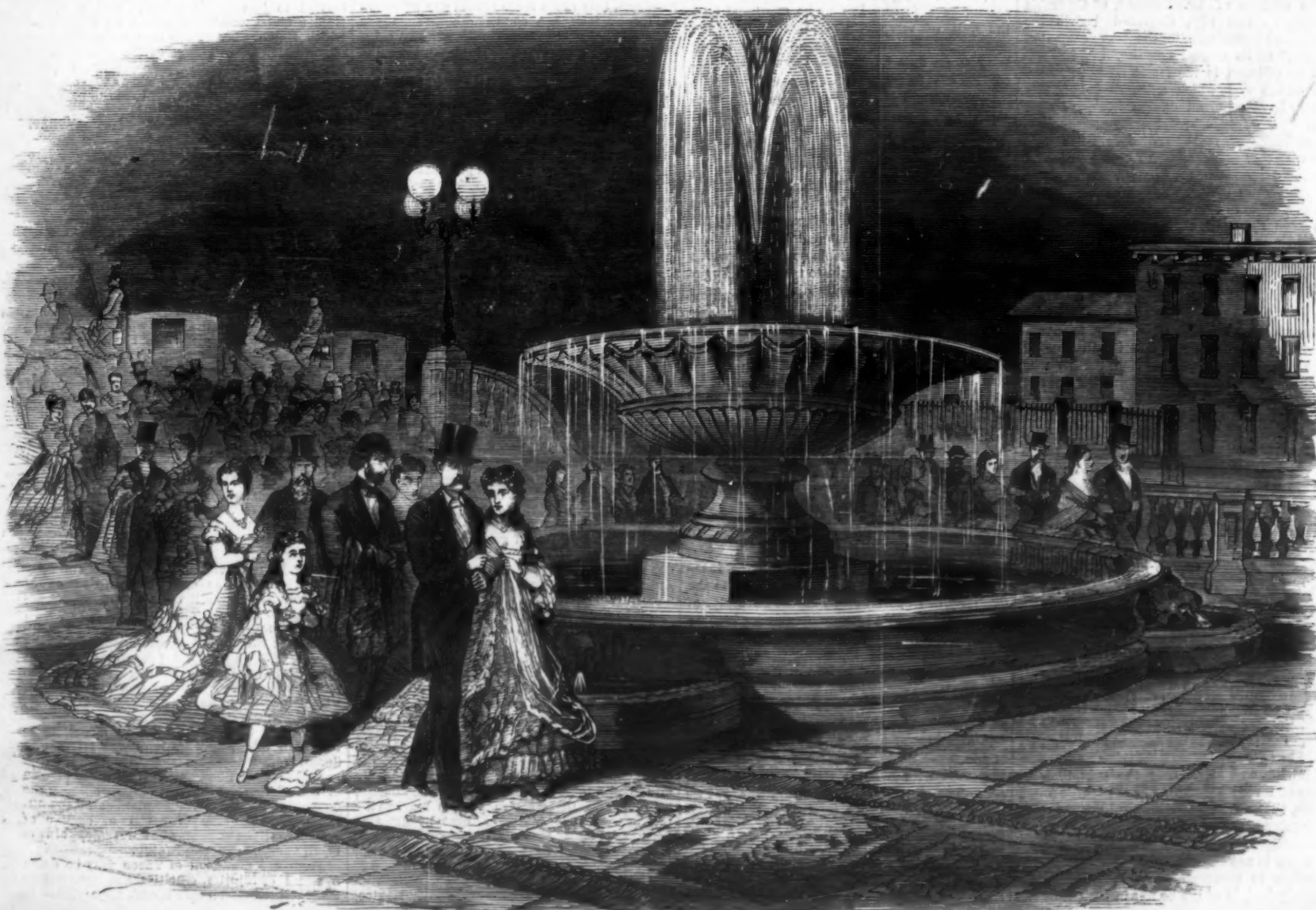
can author, whose extraordinary popularity is a sufficient guarantee of merit and success.

With each succeeding number our plan of improvement will be further developed, and valuable additions from the pens of authors of high repute will be made to our literary columns.

## SPEAKER JAMES G. BLAINE.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, of Maine, was elected Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, Forty-first Congress, on Thursday March 4th.

Speaker Blaine was born in Washington, county, Penn., January 31, 1830. His ancestors were among the early Scotch-Irish settlers in that State. His great-grandfather, Ephraim Blaine, was honorably distinguished as an officer during the revolutionary war, and the preservation of the Federal army while stationed at Valley Forge, from the horrors of starvation, was in a great degree owing to his exertions. Mr. Blaine graduated at Washington College, Pennsylvania, in 1847, and immediately removed to Maine, where he engaged in the editorial profession, editing first the *Portland Advertiser*, and afterward the *Kennebec Journal*. In 1858 Mr. Blaine was elected a member of the State Legislature from the city of Augusta, and served in that capacity two years, when he was chosen Speaker of the House, a position he filled with much credit to himself until 1862, at which time he was elected to the Thirty-eighth and afterward to the Thirty-ninth Congress. He was re-elected to the Fortieth Congress as a Union Republican, receiving 14,909 votes, against 8,313 for his opponent.



THE INAUGURATION BALL, WASHINGTON, MARCH 4TH—THE ENTRANCE TO NORTH WING OF THE TREASURY BUILDING—ARRIVAL OF GUESTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 3.



# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

## NOTICE.

WITH NO. 705 OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, to be issued March 24th, will be published, as a Supplement, the Third and Last of our Series of Pictures in Colored Oils, illustrating phases in the life of Ulysses S. Grant. This beautiful Chromograph is called,

### "Farmer Grant Building his Log House,"

and represents the present occupant of the White House at the outset of his farmer life, in 1854, leaning against his plow and studying a rude plan of the humble homestead which, chiefly by the work of his own hands, he constructed on his little farm in Missouri. The unfinished building, and the wild aspect of the surrounding country, together with the rough appearance of the young farmer and his fellow-tollers, picture a strong contrast to the present high position of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic.

### Progress of Science in America.

At an epoch in our national history from which every lover of his country fondly hopes will be dated an improved system of government and a fresh start in our material prosperity, it is fitting that we should not lose sight of the position which Science has attained among us. The industrial pursuits now in vigorous operation, and the interchanges actively and profitably carried on by commerce, tend unceasingly to augment the national wealth. But such pursuits, though honorable to all engaged in them, are very far from filling the measure of our obligations to the world and to ourselves. There is in the opinion of mankind something more exalted than riches, more dignified than wealth, and of more enduring renown than the reputation of making shrewd bargains. Distinction in Art and Science will be remembered when all else is forgotten, and even in a mere utilitarian point of view, it may be doubted whether any people, among whom scientific investigations and philosophical researches into the causes and principles of things are neglected, will long continue to prosper.

It is the glory of our race that the studies of the abstract sciences go hand in hand among us with their practical application to the arts of life; that we maintain and hold in high honor associations of men whose lives are devoted to purely scientific pursuits, and the results of whose labors redeem us from a possible reproach that we aspired only to be the "freest and smartest people of the world."

The address of Dr. Barnard, of Columbia College, in this city, delivered before the "American Association for the Advancement of Science," at its annual meeting, held last August in Chicago, is the latest *resumé* we have seen of the work which scientific men in this country have achieved during the past year. In astronomy, geology, archaeology, chemistry, and electricity, American discovery has kept pace with that of Europe. In a very charming and lucid manner Dr. Barnard has narrated the particulars of these advances in science, and has done full honor to the illustrious men who have thus distinguished themselves, and shed lustre on this country. Our space will not allow us to give even a condensed view of this part of the address; and it is the less necessary to do so, inasmuch as we are informed that Dr. Barnard has made arrangements with Messrs. Appleton & Co., of this city, to republish it in a better form, and it will thus be made accessible to the reading public, who will certainly give it the welcome it deserves.

No inconsiderable part of Dr. Barnard's address is, however, devoted to the examination of the problem of the relation of the phenomena of life and mind to matter, and to the refutation of the theory which would reduce the former to mere moods of the latter. The question is thus stated:

"The spirit of the so-called positive philosophy very strikingly characterizes much of the modern physical inquiry, even when conducted by men who repel the imputation of belonging to the school of Comte. It is in harmony with this spirit to exact that all phenomena, whether mental or material, shall be regarded as belonging to one common class, and shall be treated in precisely the same way. It thus builds up a new mental philosophy of its own, or reduces, rather, mental philosophy to be a branch of physics. I believe that this exactness is too comprehensive. I believe that physical inquiry has a field for its legitimate application which is limited by certain natural and definite boundaries. I believe that the positive spirit itself, if properly applied within this field, leads us directly up to the conclusion that there is something certainly existent which it cannot reach, and which, if not absolutely knowable, is yet knowable in its most important relations, which is only to say, that it is knowable in precisely the same sense in which we can be said to know anything whatever."

Are life and mind only the exhibition of forms of force? Beginning in the lowest forms of life, that of the vegetable world, we are able to analyze the various compounds which, chemically combined, make up the plant; yet life itself is not the "mere juxtaposition of the materials in presence of the solar influence. If the principle of life be not in the plant, the

operation will not proceed. The carbonic acid may be there, the vegetable tissue may be there, and yet the solar rays may play upon them forever without producing the slightest effect. The vital principle, then, is the something which causes the plant to grow, and which, when withdrawn, cannot be replaced by any combination of forces, or influences, or materials which human skill can contrive."

Ascending to higher forms of organized life, the lowest of which is distinguished from vegetable life only by the sense of touch, we rise to man himself, who, besides sharing with the lower animals the possession of senses, instincts, emotions, and passions, yet is elevated far above them by the gift of reason and the power of knowing right from wrong, sustained by a faculty within him which he calls conscience. Shall we concede that sensation, thought, conscience, emotion, and will, are only manifestations of known physical forces acting upon the living organism, and, in fact, those same known forces presented under new forms? The law of the conservation of forces, which, at the time of its discovery, two centuries ago, was limited to mechanical force alone, and even then held to be true only under certain conditions, or with certain limitations, would, under the modern application of it, call upon us to believe that the mind is as literally a mechanism, operated by strictly physical forces, as a windmill or a steam-engine. Such an admission is by no means flattering to man's self-esteem, and is nothing less than revolting to his religious instincts.

It is, however, no argument to say that the admission of such doctrines strikes directly at the foundation of all we hold sacred. That we ought to reject it because, "under such hypothesis, man has no soul; life is but a phenomenon, a casual condition of matter, to be classed with combustion, incandescence, sound, odor, anything most accidental and evanescent." "The business of a philosopher is to follow truth wherever it may lead, and if the doctrine of conservation of force, rightly interpreted, conducts us of necessity to materialism, we must accept the conclusion, however humiliating we may find it to our pride, or ruinous to our hopes."

Such is an outline of the theories which Dr. Barnard holds to be unsound and delusive, and we shall now state briefly the reasons for which he rejects them. In the first place, thought cannot be a physical force, because thought admits of no measure. All physical forces, such as light, heat, and electricity, have been subject to measurement, each in a manner peculiar to itself. Each is measured by an unit of itself, but how shall thought be so measured? On the impossibility of such an estimate it is hardly necessary to dwell. Now, a thing which is unsuceptible of measure cannot be a quantity, and a thing which is not even a quantity cannot be a force. It may be answered that the unit of measurement, though now unknown, may yet be discovered, but not only is such an unit impossible, but even the conception of it an impossibility.

In the second place, "purely mental impressions cannot be transformations of physical forces, because the character and the intensity of the impressions are not determined by, or in any way proportional to, the nature or the amount of the force impressed." This disproportion, which cannot be denied by the advocates of the new theory, is attempted to be explained by the supposition of some chemical action, excited in some incomprehensible manner, which action stimulates the brain to transmit a larger force than it received. But this is manifestly no solution of the mystery which the spiritual theory candidly recognizes as above solution.

Again, "mental impressions excited by impulses affecting the nerves of sense, take their character and are determined in their intensity not in the least by the force which those impulses represent, but by the *ideas* momentarily represented by them." The meaning which accompanies certain words or actions, affects different minds in different ways. What to one is a joke, causing laughter, is to another an insult, rousing anger. "Shall we say that this meaning, this accident accompanying the sounds, is force also? If so, how is it projected into one mind differently from into another, when the physical impulses are in both cases identical?" Of course there is no escape from the difficulty but by assuming, as the advocates of this theory do, that unconscious forces become forms of consciousness; but then, in undergoing this transformation, they lose the distinctive characteristic of physical force, which is, invariability. "Consciousness is the theory on which this theory splits. Its supporters make no effort to explain this phenomenon. They admit, and indeed proclaim, that no explanation is possible. We make the same admission, but we claim at the same time, that it is clear enough what it is not. The very fact that we can trace an unbroken series of entirely intelligible effects, all the way up to the very point at which this surprising phenomena presents itself, and then suddenly lose the thread altogether, is sufficient evidence that it is not physical."

We are fortunate in having been able to use almost Dr. Barnard's own words in the condensation we have attempted of his very satisfactory argument. Want of space has indeed forced us to omit some points, but the general scope of his address may be gathered from what we have written. His conclusion is, "that in endeavoring to reduce the phenomena of mind under the laws of matter, we wander beyond our depth, we establish nothing certain, we bring ridicule upon the name of positive science, and achieve but a single undeniable result, that of unsettling in the minds of multitudes convictions which form the basis of their chief happiness."

We do not, however, understand Dr. Barnard, and are sure he would not wish to be understood, to undervalue the study of metaphysics. For, science not only rests itself on metaphysical ideas, such as "law" and "force," but it must also go to metaphysics for its capital of thought wherewith to work in its own province, but it tends moreover in all its higher aspects to pass off into purely metaphysical and transcendental conceptions. The further modern science carries us, the more do we lose hold of matter, and mere physical results, and pass into the realm of immaterial and invisible realities: "The old speculations of philosophy which cut the ground from materialism, by showing how little we knew of matter, are now being daily reinforced by the subtle analysis of the physiologist, the chemist, and the electrician. Under that analysis matter dissolves and disappears, remaining only as a form of Force." The realities of nature unclad themselves in the last analysis. We can number and measure, but we can no longer see and handle them. We have passed into the region of the Invisible. So far from phenomena being all with which science has to do, phenomena are, so to speak, only the middle term of science. Both at the beginning and the end it stretches beyond the phenomenal sphere, having alike its roots and its summit hidden in the psychological or metaphysical sphere.

## Cuba, and the Cuban Question.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER."

THERE is nothing at this particular juncture which should so much interest Americans as the struggle of Cuba to free herself from the despotism and tyranny of Spain. Yet the subject appears to attract us less to-day than it did twenty years ago, when Lopez made his brave but ill-timed descent on the island.

The reason of this lies, no doubt, in the fact that we have passed through a terrible war which shook our land to its very centre, and we are turning all our efforts toward recuperation. But if we can find time to purchase Alaska, and chaffer for St. Thomas, and coquette about St. Domingo, how much more should our attention be turned toward a country whose destiny is to be inevitably interwoven with our own?

We propose to give some account of the Island of Cuba, the treatment it has received from Spain, its present situation, and its relations to the United States. We shall do this without exhibiting any mawkish delicacy toward what is called in diplomatic parlance a "friendly power."

Our Government has invariably yielded to the impudent front and egregious pretension which Spain has always maintained. "The majority of people are carried away by mere assumption. This has been the principal stock in trade of Spain for the last forty years, and it must be confessed that she has managed it to advantage, especially in her intercourse with the United States. The fact is, we have borne from that Government every species of annoyance, acquiescing in illegal or unusual exactions on our shipping when in Spanish ports, and in the establishment of extraordinary and irritating rules, the infraction of which is punished with unnecessary severity. We have yielded to the pride and arrogance of the Don when we would not have borne a tithe of the same treatment twenty-four hours from France or England.

Is it not time to put an end to this ridiculous course?

Did it happen to any of our readers to visit the Havana during the war? If it did, we shall not have a long argument with such; indeed we hope it will not be necessary with any to show that we ought to change front toward Spain, and instead of getting up congratulations and expressions of sympathy on the revolution in the old country, to make haste to tender them to the republicans of the "beautiful Antille," who are striving to free their land from a fearful servitude.

But to our subject. Cuba, the largest and finest of the Greater Antilles, is 780 miles in length, and 70 miles in mean breadth, and has an area of about 50,000 square miles. It is the most westerly of the West India Islands, the westerly portion being situated in the very mouth of the Mexican Gulf. It is traversed throughout its whole length by chains of mountains, whose highest peaks, Potillo and Cobre, attain an elevation of more than 8,500 feet. The plains beneath are copiously watered, and rendered fit for producing all the objects of tropical culture. The climate, especially in the western part, is marked by the unequal distribution of heat at different seasons, as experienced in the temperate zones. The hottest months do not average more than 85°, and the coldest present a mean temperature of about 70°. The situation of Cuba, commanding the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico,

gives it the highest commercial and political importance. Such designations as "The Queen of the Antilles," "The Key of the Gulf," "The Sentinel of the Mississippi," "The Beautiful Antille," "The Gem of the American Seas," indiscriminately bestowed upon this enchanting island, are sufficiently significant of its advantageous commercial position, and its remarkable beauty and fertility.

Previous to the eighteenth century, the history of Cuba is principally occupied with accounts of the settlements commenced by the first governor, Diego Velasquez. Its advance was extremely slow, and, having exhausted the native Indian population—who were a docile and gentle race—the island was only held by Spain as a convenient military and naval station on the way to the mines of Mexico. Notwithstanding this, we notice in the laws and municipal rights of Cuba the same independent and liberal spirit which prevailed in all the settlements of that nation, among the Moors or elsewhere, so far as the Spanish settlers or their descendants were concerned. Even in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, public assemblies of citizens were held, to elect the members of the corporations; free and bold charges were made and sustained against governors; and no taxation was permitted which was not sustained by these bodies.

In 1812 the Constitution was proclaimed in Spain; the whole people of the colonies were assimilated to the inhabitants of the mother country with respect to representation; and Cuba sent her representatives to the Spanish Chamber of Deputies. In 1818 Senor Arango, the deputy from Havana, obtained a royal ordinance for the abolition of restriction on Cuban commerce. From this period we may date the prosperity of the island. Before, she had been a burden to the home treasury. Now she began to remit large sums annually to the Government; an army of 25,000 men, sent from Spain in a miserable plight, was maintained by her, and in a few years was entirely equipped, clothed and disciplined in the best manner, without expense to the mother country. Indeed, since 1830, in every embarrassment of her Government, Spain has been supplied with means from the treasury of Cuba, and it has been a reserved fund for her every pressing emergency. When the civil list failed Queen Christina, Cuba furnished resources for defraying the profuse expenditures of the palace. The contributions wrung from the island formed no small portion of the riches bequeathed by Ferdinand the Seventh to his rapacious widow and to his reputed daughters; from Cuba also were derived the means of setting on foot the luckless expedition of Baradros for the reconquest of Mexico; and from 1832 to 1841 it had exchanged thirty-six million of dollars against an equal amount of Government paper.

At length, so much importance was attached to the revenues of this island, that they served as ample guarantees for loans, foreign and domestic. The wealth, the beauty, the fertility of Cuba, proved her ruin. By degrees she came to be regarded only as a machine for raising money, and to carry out the purposes of the home administration to the fullest extent, it was necessary to destroy the privileges and the liberties which the Cubans had heretofore enjoyed.

Although the standard of Independence was raised across the Gulf of Mexico, and Cuba was invited to join in its defense, and although Mexico and Colombia prepared an expedition which should give liberty to the island, the inhabitants shut their eyes to the alluring prospects, and maintained an unwavering loyalty. They were repaid for their fidelity as tyrants are apt to reward such conduct. On the plea that disturbances in South America might require the exercise of arbitrary power by the Governor of Cuba, in 1825 a royal order was issued, and it is still in full force, addressed to the Captain-General, which, after the usual preamble and statement, proceeds as follows:

"It has pleased his Majesty, in conformity with the advice of his Council of Ministers, to authorize your Excellency, fully investing you with the whole extent of powers WHICH BY THE ROYAL ORDINANCES ARE GRANTED TO THE GOVERNORS OF BESIEGED TOWNS. In consequence thereof, his Majesty most amply and unrestrictedly authorizes your Excellency not only to remove from that island such persons, holding offices from Government or not, whatever their occupation, rank, class, or situation in life may be, whose residence there you may believe prejudicial, or whose public or private conduct may appear suspicious to you, but also to suspend the execution of whatever royal orders or general decrees in all the different branches of the Administration, or in any part of them, as your Excellency may think conducive to the royal service."

The sad effects of this royal order were not immediately felt. The island was at that time governed by General Vives, whose policy, during the whole of a long administration, was mild and conciliating; and he was so far from putting into execution the terrible authority with which he was endowed, as to act on his wise conviction, that it would be equally disadvantageous to Cuba and to Spain. This was, however, merely the good fortune of the inhabitants; the fearful decree stood, in all its terrors, only waiting the presence of a despot to carry it out in its fullest force. Such an one was found in the person of Don Miguel Tacón, who, two years after the retirement of Vives, was appointed Captain-General.

This was in 1834. It should meantime be borne in mind, that, during several crises in Spain, from 1808 to 1837—and they were seven in number—we find the "always faithful island of Cuba" receiving and promptly obeying the decrees of the Crown. Throughout all the disturbances, in every revolution or change of Ministry, Cuba remained the same, always loyal, obedient, uncomplaining.

From the accession of Tacón may be dated a series of injuries, cruelties and oppressions against the unfortunate island, unparalleled in



the history of civilized communities. This man's administration has been frequently lauded by strangers, who regarded him in the light of a reformer of the social disorders which prevailed at that time to a frightful extent. Indeed, his coming was hailed with joy by the proprietors, while every well-disposed person beheld with gratification his energies directed to prevent and punish robbery and assassination; to the destruction of dogs in the streets; the cleansing and macadamizing of the principal thoroughfares; the erection of markets, a prison, a theatre, etc., etc. But if Tacon exercised a strong and arbitrary will in carrying out these projects, he displayed the same qualities in oppressing persons of every class. The fact is, he was a tyrant. He possessed a jealous nature; was short-sighted and narrow-minded, and had an uncommon stubbornness of character. Never satiated with power, he found in the royal order of 1825 ample authority for every species of despotism. He knew that all they required of him at home was to extort as much money as possible from the inhabitants of the island; for the rest, no questions would be asked. It was through his influence that the wealthy portion of the country was divested of the privileges conferred on them by the statutes. He even deprived the old municipalities of Havana of the power of naming the under-Commissioners of Police. To sustain his absolute government by trampling on every institution, was a necessary consequence of his first violent and unjustifiable act. In order to obtain credit in the management of the police, he displayed a despotism and even brutal activity in the mode of exacting from the inferior officials, distributed in the different wards of the city, under personal responsibility, the apprehension and summary prosecution of criminals. They soon found that there would be no complaint, provided they acted vigorously in bringing up prisoners. So far from presuming their innocence, or requiring proof of their crimes, those who were once arrested were put to the negative and difficult task of proving their innocence. The more unwarrantable the acts of his subalterns, the more acceptable to him, since they, in his opinion, but displayed the energy of his authority. They trembled in his presence, and left it to persecute, to invent accusations, to imprison and to spread terror and desolation among the families of the island.

It is but just to add that banditti and thieves and professed gamblers were terrified by his sweeping scythe, and became much more modest than they had been during the brief administration of the weak and infirm General Ricafort, his predecessor. The timid and short-sighted merchant or planter who perceived this reform, did not comprehend or appreciate the illegality of the system nor its pernicious effects on the future destinies of the country, and was the first to justify the man who interposed himself between the subject and the crown, not permitting any petitions contrary to his pleasure.

The consequence of all this was a regular system of espionage. The prisoners were distributed in the castles because the jails were insufficient to contain them! In the dungeons were lodged nearly six hundred persons, the causes of whose detention nobody knew—a fact authentically proved by a casual circumstance. In about eighteen months of his administration, Tacon caused one hundred and ninety persons to be deported. Besides these, seven hundred and twenty were sent away under sentence of banishment for life, while in the *Gallera* vast multitudes of prisoners of all grades—the innocent and the guilty—were huddled together in one long narrow hall. The misery of this awful place cannot be exaggerated. Señor Tanco styles it "an *infierno de inmoralidad*." Tacon's only object in building it was to rid the government-house of the fumes of pestilence, which were engendered in the dungeons of that palace in which he lived.

Not content with these acts of horrible cruelty, he destroyed at a single blow all freedom of discussion in the municipal body—usurped its powers, and frightened away such members as he thought would not bow to his will. During the government of Tacon, the Act of Exclusion was passed at Madrid, which shut out the unfortunate island from all representation in the Cortes. This was in February, 1837. The Act, it should be borne in mind, was in direct violation of the new Constitution, which had just been adopted—the twenty-eighth article of which stated that the basis was the same for national representation in both hemispheres, while, by the twenty-ninth article, the basis in Cuba was the population of the island, composed of persons who in both lines were of Spanish origin.

The rejection of the Cuban deputies at Madrid completed this rapid enslavement. The Cubans were thenceforth cut off from even the possibility of relief. From the same period, also, may be dated a new series of wrongs, injuries and oppressions against her unfortunate inhabitants. The Spanish Cortes, jealous of the extensive trade of Cuba with the United States, had already imposed a duty of nearly ten dollars a barrel on flour imported from them into Cuba. This was now raised to ten dollars and three-quarters, thus placing the enormous tax of nearly one hundred and fifty per cent. on the first necessary of life.

When it is considered that all articles of primary necessity came from abroad, and that they were all enormously taxed, this one item of her tariff will be readily appreciated, both in itself and in its relations. At the same time the tonnage dues of Cuban vessels were placed nearly on the same footing with those of foreign vessels. This was, of course, ruinous to her merchant marine, and was especially aggravating, since the island offered vast advantages in her fine forests for shipping, and up to 1798 had furnished timber for the construction—in the arsenal in Havana—of one hundred and twenty-five vessels, fifty-three of which were frigates, and six three-deckers.

This line of policy once adopted, it was carried out with relentless vigor. The home government now considered not how large a revenue the island yielded, but how it was possible to get more from it, and ingenuity was racked to devise new objects and measures of taxation. The list of the different Cuban taxes is a curiosity of itself. The prime ministers of other monarchies might learn a lesson from it, were it not that there is no government which would dare avail itself of such an enormous system of oppression.

Don Joaquin de Espeleta succeeded Tacon in 1838, but two years later gave way to the Prince of Anglona, who was in power but a single year, when Don Geronimo Valdez was appointed Governor-General in 1841. Valdez had control only two years. In 1843 the notorious General Leopold O'Donnell took command of the island.

It should be borne in mind that the administrations of Espeleta, Anglona, and Valdez were marked by a straightforward, honorable rule; each one of those chiefs exercising a mild and liberal course toward the Cubans. This was unpardonable in the eyes of Spain. Although the term of five years was allotted by invariable usage to the office of Captain-General, these three distinguished men, one after another, were hurried from office in a most unceremonious manner for the fault of endeavoring to discharge their duties with humanity and consideration.

No crime of this nature could be charged to O'Donnell, during the five years he held unlimited sway over the ill-fated island; for never was military despotism more successfully directed to destroy popular franchises, to establish individual oppression beyond the possibility of redress, by altering existing institutions, and eminently to satisfy the avaricious thirst of the Captain-General, and his family and favorites.

The pursuit of robbery and plunder—it can be called by no milder name—was reduced to a complete system. Each official reserved to himself a large sum from the amount wrung from the inhabitants, so that while the revenue of the island, from the various sources of taxation, must have been at least twenty-five millions of dollars (it is ordinarily incorrectly stated at twelve millions), less than four millions found their way to the Spanish Treasury! In the meantime the slave-trade was carried on as extensively as ever, and with greater cruelty. Spain could not abolish it. She was determined, in spite of treaties, to pour annually into Cuba a fierce black population, which should intimidate the Creoles from any attempt at freedom. This, and this only, was the secret of the unflinching prosecution of the slave-trade in the face of treaties, and contrary to the wishes of the Creole population. It has been said that the continuance of the traffic was owing to the enormous bribes to the Captain-General of thirty-two dollars for each slave, and that this is the only reason it was not abolished.

It is ridiculous, however, to suppose that Spain, if she had no other object but to enrich an unscrupulous official, would have run the risk of continually breaking her treaty with so powerful a nation as England, always on the alert, if possible, to enforce it.

That no one may have a doubt of the ultimate object of Spain in constantly flooding Cuba with Africans, we translate the following from the *Heraldo* of Madrid:

"It is well for all to know, whether native or foreign, that the *Island of Cuba can only be Spanish or African*. When the day comes when the Spaniard shall be found to abandon her, they will do so by bequeathing their sway to the blacks! Just as a commander abandons a battery to the enemy after defending it as long as possible, but taking care, above everything, to spike the cannon, that the adversary shall not make use of them."

While the Spanish organ in New York, the *Cronica*, held the following language: "if, in consequence of the war, signs should be manifested that the hostile elements, now subdued by the interests of our common race, were to be let loose, Spain would arm her Africans, and would guide them as auxiliaries as long as it were in her power to do so, and would grant them full liberty as a reward for their aid, when she should perceive that these means were not sufficiently powerful to enable her longer to resist!"

Such was the condition of Cuba when, at the end of his five years' term, O'Donnell made place in 1848 for General Roncalli, who possessed all the despotism of his predecessor, coupled with a weakness of intellect and an imbecility and irresolution which fitted him to be the most dangerous of tyrants.

It was now that the cup of Cuban sufferings was full. It overflowed in a conspiracy to free the island from Spanish domination; and this brings us to the establishment of the Cuban Junta in New York, and the unfortunate expeditions of Lopez, which we must make the subject of another chapter.

#### THE INAUGURATION.

APPRECIATING the absorbing interest which, not only for the people of the United States, but for all the civilized world, attaches to the assumption, by General Grant, of the duties and responsibilities of the Chief Magistracy of this Republic, we have successfully endeavored, with the assistance of the artist's and photographer's skill, to illustrate for this number, in a manner befitting the occasion, the imposing ceremonies of the Inauguration. In our two-page picture—truthful in all its details, so far as the conscientious application of our resources could portray the magnificent scene—we represent the assemblage of officials, and the vast concourse of citizens in and about the east portico of the National Capitol, at the solemn moment when the Chief Justice of the United States administered the oath of office to General Grant, thus concluding the ceremony by which the great captain of the age is formally invested with the highest dignity within the gift of his fellow-

countrymen. The Justices of the Supreme Court, the representatives of foreign powers, members of both houses of Congress, officers of the army and navy, and officials of various grades, make up the group on the crowded portico, while below, the immense concourse, respectfully attentive, adds to the solemnity of the scene.

Before our paper shall have reached the public, the millions of freemen whose national welfare depends, to a great extent, upon the realization of the hopes centered in their new President, will have eagerly read the detailed accounts of the Inauguration; and from Maine to California, transmitted by the lightning's flash, the history of that eventful Fourth of March will have been connoyed by every intelligent American. Therefore, we need not tax our crowded columns with a report of the particulars. Our mission is fulfilled in our pictorial record of the occasion.

In illustrating the events of the Fourth of March at the National Capital, we could not neglect so interesting a feature as the Inauguration Ball. The new wing of the Treasury Department, the scene of this festivity, was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The vast rooms were crowded—so much so, in fact, as to leave but little space for dancing; but the throngs of ladies, elegantly dressed, and the high spirits and cheerful faces of the assembled thousands, rendered the spectacle most brilliant and enlivening. The presence of President Grant and his wife, of Vice-President Colfax and wife, and other distinguished personages, enhanced the general interest, and was, no doubt, the paramount attraction to the immense numbers of guests gathered from all parts of the country.

The engraving on our front page represents the guests passing over the broad paved courtyard leading to the portico of the new wing of the Treasury building. Another engraving shows the brilliant scene in the principal hall, where the crowd was greatest, and the excitement was concentrated by the presence of the newly-inaugurated President.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

##### Fetes of the Viceroy of Egypt.

The Viceroy of Egypt celebrated the anniversary of his accession, on January the 18th, by a series of festivities, which afford subjects for two of our foreign illustrations. A regatta was held on Lake Timsah, which borders the town of Ismailia, the central station of the Suez Canal, and the boats were principally those connected with the works on the canal. The most interesting part of the entertainment was the dromedaries' race, and the effect of the long robes of the Arabs who rowed, and the trappings of the animals flying behind, gave a very picturesque appearance to the scene.

##### The Railway Tunnel of the Alps.

The works of the Grand Tunnel, now constructed along three-fourths of its whole length, between the valley of the Arc in Savoy and the valley of Rochemolles, opening into that of the Dora Riparia in Piedmont, have been described by us in a general way, and we gave last week a view of each of the two ends, representing their external aspect. The process of drilling a tunnel through the Alps was commenced in 1857, and the special apparatus for using the force of compressed air in boring was first applied in June, 1861; so that the idea of constructing a railway tunnel through the mountain had been conceived long before. The arch of the tunnel is nearly semi-circular; it is 25 feet 3½ inches wide at the base, 26 feet 2½ inches at the broadest part, and 24 feet 7 inches high at the Modane end, but 11½ inches higher at the Bardonnèche end. Its roof and walls are cased with masonry; at the Bardonnèche end the vault is of brick, and the sides of stone, but at the Savoy end the whole is built of brick. The width and height of the intended excavation are so considerable, that it has to be carried forward in three drifts, or galleries. The boring apparatus is used at the freshly cut extremity of each gallery, and consists of an iron frame or carriage, running on the rails. The boring needle is simply an iron bar, with a point two inches wide, shaped like that of a chisel, and requires frequent sharpening. These needles are connected with the propelling cylinders by flexible tubes of india-rubber, so that the men in attendance can direct the point in any desired direction. A second pipe accompanies each borer, and pours in a little water to moisten the rock. It is calculated that to bore eight holes of the required depth, which is about four feet, the piston rod must give 57,600 strokes. Whenever the requisite number of holes have been made, the engine travels back out of the gallery, the men charge the holes with mining powder, lay a train, and retire behind the heavy doors till the rock is blown up. A strong jet of compressed air is then thrown in, which disperses the smoke, wagons are brought to remove the broken stone, and the machine is driven forward for a new blast. It is expected that the tunnel will be completed in three years, and the total cost of the work, together with the twenty-five miles of approaches, will be between five and seven millions of pounds.

##### The Armory of the Emperor of Russia.

Among the most celebrated collections of arms to be found in Europe is that of the Palace of Tsarskoe-Selo, the celebrated pavilion of the Emperor of Russia. The pavilion is a Gothic structure, and contains many superb specimens of Medieval art and the Italian workmanship which succeeded it. The Caucasian armor, with its exquisite tracery, embellishes the walls. Six complete suits of marvelous beauty are displayed in the principal salon, while panoplies and banners of the Muscovite armies ornament the walls.

#### Enthronement of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

On Thursday, February 4, His Grace the Primate of all England, having previously vacated the See of London, and done homage to the Queen for his high dignity, was enthroned with great state in the Cathedral of Canterbury. Our illustration represents the procession of the clergy, of whom there were nearly 300, arrayed in their surplices, from the cloisters to the west end of the cathedral. After the clergy-men had taken their seats on the steps to the right and left of the altar, the very impressive ceremonies were performed, amid the utmost silence of the vast audience.

#### The Assassination of Gutierrez de Castro, Governor of Burgos.

On Saturday, January 23d, Don Isidore Gutierrez de Castro, the civil Governor of Burgos, Spain, accompanied by his secretary, a notary, and one or two policemen, visited the cathedral by order of the Minister of Public Instruction, to make an inventory of the books, jewels, records, and art treasures in the keeping of the chapter. Finding the public doors closed, the party entered through the archbishop's palace, meeting the prelate, and showing him the ministerial decree under which the Governor was acting. Governor de Castro then entered the sacristy, and proceeded with the examination of its stores, until a furious mob from the outside broke into the cloisters. The Governor went to expostulate with them, when he was attacked by the crowd and brutally murdered, after which the most heartless indignities were practiced on his lifeless body, culminating in its being dragged by a rope through the street. Burgos cathedral is one of the finest buildings in Spain, and its foundations were laid in the thirteenth century.

#### ART GOSSIP.

THE effects of the late Emanuel Lentze, including books, paintings, etchings, antique furniture and wagons, were sold at auction, in Clinton Hall, by Messrs Leavitt & Streib, on the evenings of March 4th and 5th. A very interesting collection of pictures, contributed by the Artists' Mutual Aid Society, for the benefit of Mrs. Leutze, also came to the hammer at the same time and place.

Mr. Edward Gay has lately finished a large and vigorously treated landscape of scenery in the vicinity of Albany. In his studies of the American types of trees, Mr. Gay is very successful, and in the several landscapes lately produced by him, and now to be seen in his studio, a very decided advance as to color and other qualities, beyond his works of previous years, is to be noted. The large picture just mentioned has been placed for the present in the gallery of the Union League Club, and the artist intends, we believe, to contribute it to the approaching exhibition of the Academy of Design.

The second winter exhibition of the Academy of Design, including the exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors, closed on Saturday evening, March the 6th. During the last week of these exhibitions they were thrown open free to the public.

In the water-color exhibition just closed there was a very excellently studied little picture of a "Hermite," from the pencil of Mr. C. C. Ward. It was a "study from life, of a man who, for more than a quarter of a century, has lived apart from his fellows in the wilds of Maine," and the character of the old hunter was rendered with obvious truthfulness.

#### OUR THEATRES.

THE reappearance of Miss Kellogg at the Academy of Music has, for the moment, re-galvanized the partially defunct form of Italian Opera.

Meanwhile no novelty has been offered us at any of the theatres.

We only hear that Mr. Brougham has sold his right of performance in the theatre that goes under his name to Mr. J. Fisk, and that the said theatre is to be reconstructed upon the French plan for Opera Bouffe with the Tostee and Irma.

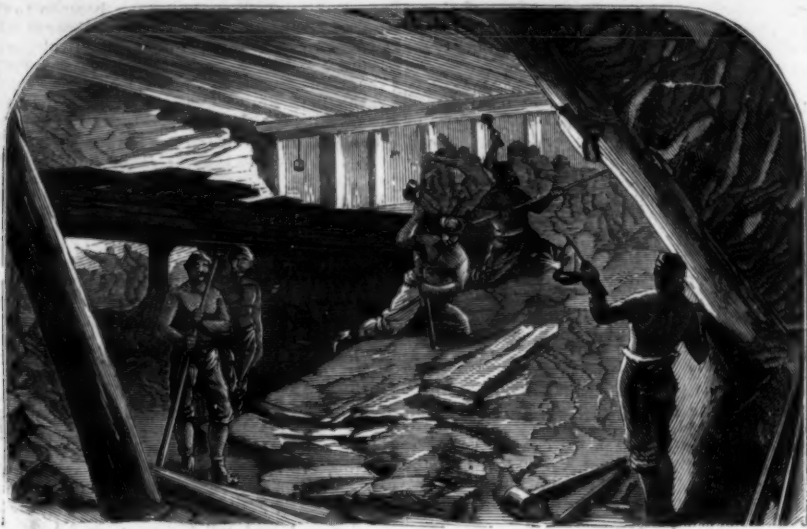
It is also said that Barney Williams retires from management next season.

For the last five or six years Europe has been a steady buyer of our securities—national, State and corporate; but principally national. According to the most careful estimates, about \$700,000,000 of United States bonds and \$300,000,000 of other securities are now held abroad; four-fifths of which have been sent out since 1862. For two years, we have been supposing that the limit of this remarkable investment demand had been reached; and yet the absorption continues, the export of bonds and stocks at this moment being nearly as active as ever. Within the month of February, probably not less than \$40,000,000 of bonds and stock were sent to Europe, mainly in response to direct orders; Five-Twenties have sold in London at 82, and from the tenor of foreign advices, yet higher prices and further orders are to be early expected. The recent action of Congress and the Presidency of General Grant, will doubtless, enhance the value of all of our securities.

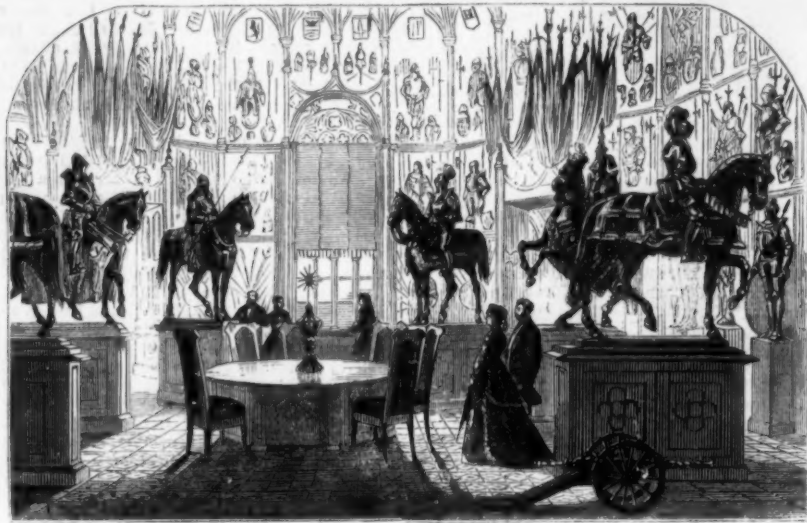
A LITERARY TREASURE.—A remarkable literary discovery has been made in the India office, London, by the librarian thereof. Among the property transferred from the East India Company's establishment in Leadenhall street, when the Government undertook charge of British India, was a chest which had not been opened for years. The librarian examined this, and found that it contained nothing less than the library of Timour, collected by the Mogul in the course of his conquests. Among other treasures are documents of extraordinary value connected with the biography of Mohammed. This great discovery is undoubted, but the *Speculator* says, "We have still to learn whether the chest was obtained in the first or the second seizure of Delhi, where it must, we imagine, have been religiously preserved by the heirs of the great Tartar." When these books are translated and published, which will soon be done, it is probable that a good deal of current Indian history will have to be rewritten.



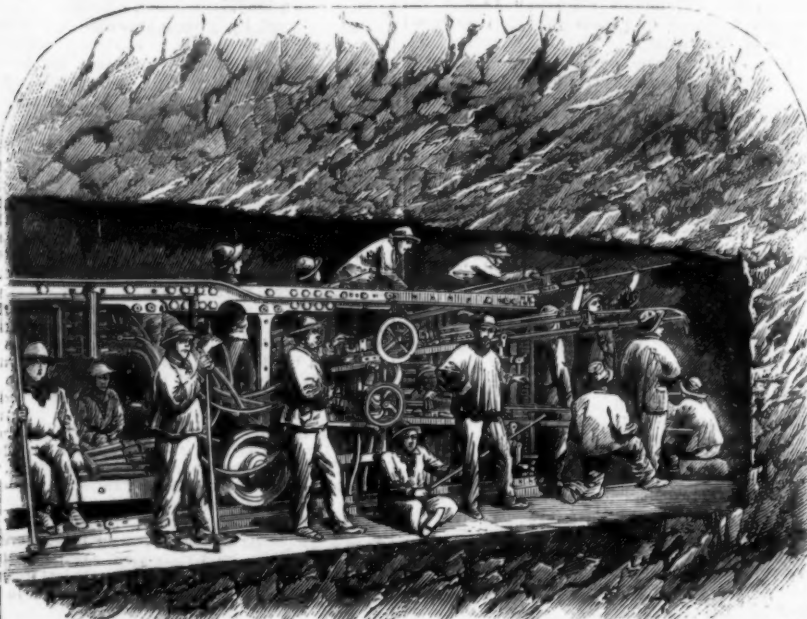
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 3.



THE RAILWAY TUNNEL OF THE ALPS—THE SECOND AND THIRD GALLERIES OF THE TUNNEL EXCAVATION.



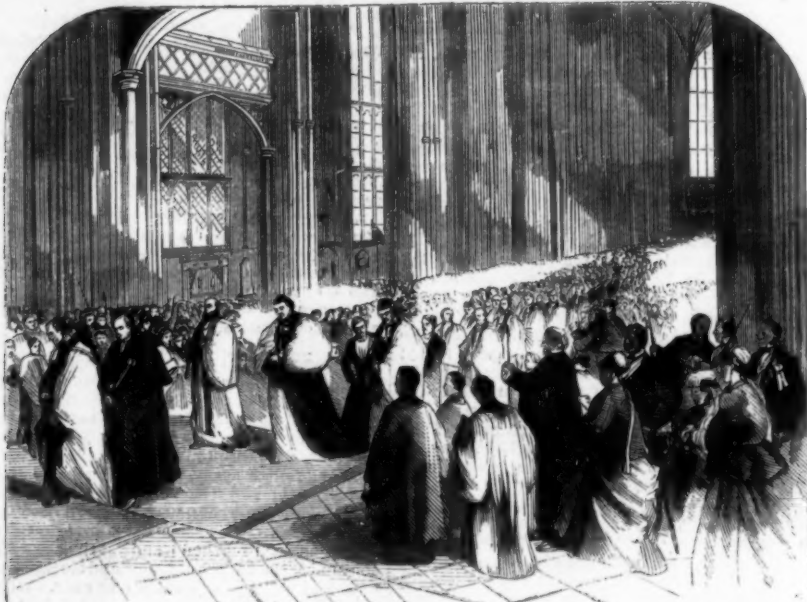
THE ARMORY OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S PALACE AT TZARSKOE-SELO, NEAR ST. PETERSBURG.



THE RAILWAY TUNNEL OF THE ALPS—PNEUMATIC BORING MACHINE AT WORK IN THE TUNNEL.



THE RAILWAY TUNNEL OF THE ALPS—THE SECOND WORKING GALLERY OF THE TUNNEL EXCAVATION.



ENTHRONEMENT OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, ENGLAND.—THE PROCESSION PASSING UP THE NAVE OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



THE ASSASSINATION OF GUTIERREZ DE-CASTRO, GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF OLD CASTILE, AT BURGOS, SPAIN.



FETES OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT, AT CAIRO—THE DHOMEDARY RACE.



FETES OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT—REGATTA AT ISMAILIA, ON LAKE TIBERIAS.



SOLITUDE.

WHY is it that men reverence the sod  
Where rests the record of some hermit sage,  
The memory of whose life from age to age  
Has blossomed forth afresh, like Aaron's rod,  
Pointing the way to Heaven which he had  
trod?  
Not for his life in lonely hermitage—  
Not for his solitary pilgrimage—  
But that he lived his life alone with God.  
Alone with Him who is alone with all:  
Alone with every soul in earnest prayer,  
A comforter to those who truly call  
On Him in sickness, sorrow, or despair.  
A Christian knows not solitude, for all  
The earth is God's, and He is everywhere.



EARTHEN VASE FROM A MOUND NEAR CHILLICOTHE, OHIO, ONE-FOURTH SIZE.

TONGUES FROM TOMBS;

OR,

The Stories that Graves Tell.

No. 1.—THE MOUNDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

ALL written history is young, and even the voice of tradition sinks into a low and unintelligible whisper as we penetrate the mighty past and strive to learn the secrets of antiquity. But as the student deduces with mathematical certainty from the mute records of the rocks, and through chemical analysis, the early condition of our planet, and the changes it has undergone, so we may learn, from records equally mute and almost as imperishable, something of the condition of those primeval races of men, who, cycles ago, disappeared from the face of the earth, without bequeathing even their names to later ages. Partly from affection, but mainly under the impulse of the grand conception of a future existence, as ancient as universal, the rudest and earliest races of men reared some kind of memorial over their dead, and buried with them the articles and ornaments most valued by them in life. The first, as well as the most enduring, was a simple mound of earth; the first coffin was a rough enclosure of unworked stones. The first deposits were such as reflected the arts, and, to a certain extent, indicated the modes of life and the religious notions of those with whom they were placed. In the course of time the mound of earth or stone became developed into a tomb more regular and imposing, with contents equally marking the advancement of its builder, but yet reflecting his original ideas and conceptions. The pyramids of Egypt, whatever may have been their secondary purposes, can only be regarded as perfected *tumuli*. Step by step, the heap, which affection or respect had gathered over the dead, had grown until, in its massive proportions and solid strength, it emulated the mountains and bade defiance to the centuries. The ragged vault was replaced by chambers of fine proportions, painted or sculptured over with scenes from the life of its occupant, signifying his beliefs and hopes, and enabling us to deduce his history, and illustrate the age in which he lived and moved and had his being. The cavern was also a primitive tomb, and with its entrance sealed up with "a great



THE THEFT OF THE OPAL.—"WHEN FELICE HAD HUNG THIS JEWEL ON THE VIRGIN'S HANDS, SHE KNELT AGAIN AND KISSED HER FEET."—SEE PAGE 6.

stone," was the type of the vault in which we now seek to escape for a little while from the stern sentence, "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And to the practice of living as well as burying in caverns we owe some of the most important data bearing on the early condition of mankind—showing not

we are also able to gather many of the early notions and conceptions that prevailed among the followers of Him of Nazareth, as taught by those who had seen Him face to face, and derived their inspiration from His lips.

But the pyramidal and excavated tombs and catacombs of Egypt, the celebrated Etruscan

mound, cairn, barrow, or *tumulus*, that we must refer the mode of interment in uncultivated times. And to these we must also turn for the earliest evidences of human art and intelligence—those of the cave-tomb or habitation perhaps excepted. Such sepulchral *tumuli* are scattered all over the globe, in the world called New and the world called Old; in the northern and southern hemispheres, on continents and islands, in valleys and on plains, wherever the foot of man has trod.

They dot the rich alluvions of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and the low lands bordering the Mexican gulf; they startle us with their vast proportions as we come upon them in the tropical forests of Mexico and Central America; they invite the gold-hunter with their auriferous contents in Chiriqui, and they rise, invested with sanctity of both temple and



CURIOUS COPPER GORGET, FROM A MOUND AT COHOKIA, ILL., ORIGINALLY SEVEN INCHES IN DIAMETER.

tomb, to rival the proudest monuments of Egypt, on the coasts and among the *sierras* of Peru. The British islands are sprinkled over with them; they are leading features in Scandinavian landscapes; Italy has them; the field of Marathon is marked by them; the plain of Troy is conspicuous with their swelling outlines, and the *steppes* of Russia and Tartary are sown with them as is the sky with stars. "Throughout the whole of Russia," so writes the celebrated traveler Clarke, "are everywhere seen dispersed mounds of earth covered with a fine turf, the sepulchres of the ancient world, common to almost every habitable country. If there exist anything of former times which may afford monuments of antediluvian manners, it is this mode of burial."

Confining ourselves for the present to our own country, it may be said that only a portion of the Western mounds are sepulchral. The idea entertained by most of the early settlers and explorers, that they were great depositories of the dead slain in battle, grew out of the fact that the existing Indians, or those occupying the country at the time of the Discovery, often buried in them, regarding them with a certain superstitious reverence. They were, besides, elevated, dry, and easily recognizable situations, such as the later Indians invariably sought for their cemeteries. A large part of the *tumuli* in the Western and Gulf States were what in the Scriptures are called "high places," artificial elevations sustaining religious structures, or on which religious rites were celebrated. They are distinguished by their regularity of outline, and are generally rectangular in form, flat on top, terraced, ascended by graded paths or inclined planes, and, as a rule, contained within earthen enclosures. The sepulchral mounds, on the contrary, generally stand in open grounds in the valleys and on the crests of hills, and seem to have no special positions as regards each other, or the other monuments of the people by whom they were built. They are frequently of large size; in this respect probably having relation to the importance of the personage to whom they were raised. The powerful in ancient, and the rich in modern times, are those whose

tombs most challenge our attention by their size or cost. One of these sepulchral mounds, standing on the banks of the Ohio river, at Grave Creek, near Parkersburg, in Virginia, is ninety feet high, by three hundred feet in diameter at the base. Another, near Miamisburg, Ohio, is



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT MOUND, ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO RIVER, NEAR GRAVE CREEK, VA.

only that man was contemporaneous with animals that long ago disappeared from the earth, but what were his habits of life and means of existence. From the catacombs of Rome, which were after all only artificial caves, appropriated as tombs by the early Christians,

chambers, the chiseled wonders of Petra, the marvels of Nineveh, the *topes* of India, and the *chulpas* of Peru, to say nothing of the elaborate sepulchral labyrinths of Mitla and Palenque, are all results of intelligence, progress, and refinement; it is to the rude sepulchral heap, call it



VASE FROM A MOUND NEAR CHILLICOTHE, OHIO. ONE-EIGHTH SIZE.



CARVED PIPE IN PORPHYRY, FROM A MOUND ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO RIVER, NEAR GRAVE CREEK, VA.



MOUND PIPE, CHILLICOTHE, OHIO, SIZE OF ORIGINAL.



sixty feet high, and two hundred feet in diameter. The average dimensions of burial mounds are, however, far below these here given.

The dead were usually deposited in a kind of vault made of rough timber something in the fashion of a block house or log cabin, with horizontal timbers as a covering or roof, the whole resting on the surface of the ground. Occasionally a cist or grave was dug in the earth and covered over with timber, and earth heaped above. Skins and matting braided from bark of trees, as appears from the traces that remain, formed the couch on which the corpse was deposited, and around it was ranged vessels of pottery, the arms and ornaments of the dead. The same mound, in rare instances, contains two or more chambers, in which case we may plausibly infer that the second interment was of the wife or other relative of the dead, and that the *tumulus* was increased in size to conform to its new dignity or sanctity. Or, the second deposit may have been that of some favorite servant or friend slain on the grave of his master, so that his soul might "bear him company" in that state to which, as we have said, the rudest nations looked forward as a supplement to their present existence.

Besides these, there are mounds in which incineration, or the burning of the bodies, seems to have been the final rite before heaping the earth over the ashes. In fact, in some of the mounds in which the ordinary modes of inhumation were practiced, we find traces of burnt sacrifices, of implements, animals, and it may be of human beings.



SCHIST ARROW-HEADS FROM A MOUND AT COROKIA, ILL., FULL SIZE.

From these mounds, of the origin of which there is no tradition, whose numbers, taken in connection with other gigantic works, religious and defensive, indicate a dense, ancient, as well as stationary and agricultural people, we obtain many evidences of skill in design and execution, as well as of extensive correspondence or intercourse. For instance, as I have had occasion to say before and in another place, we find in these *tumuli* on the banks of the Ohio, shells from the Gulf of Mexico, copper and silver from the mines of Lake Superior, obsidian from Mexico, and cetacean fossils from the marl beds of New Jersey.

The story these monuments tell is, therefore, that their builders, who had probably disappeared before the present Indian tribes established themselves in the West, and were not only numerous, as the number and extent of their remains imply, but were widely spread, with extensive intercourse with distant tribes, and had also achieved considerable advances in the mechanics, and I might venture to say, in the fine arts.

In support of the latter statement, I may adduce the following accurate engraving of a pipe, cut in the hardest porphyry, which now turns the finest tempered knife-blade, representing a hawk tearing in pieces a smaller bird, and showing also that the ancient people were acquainted with tobacco or some similar narcotic. At any rate that they smoked. It is one of a hundred similar sculptures, all careful and accurate studies of indigenous animals and birds, in which not only their characteristics but their very habits are portrayed. The hawk, as we have seen, is represented as preying on a bird, the heron on a fish, while the otter is also shown as carrying one in his mouth. The manitow, or sea-cow, that great amphibious animal, concerning which the discoverers of the continent have given us so many legends, and which is only rarely found in the southern lagoons of Florida, appears in these northern mounds, faithfully carved in stone. Here, too, are axes of copper, gorgets and beads of copper, plated over with silver, chisels and needles of the same metal, pearls in profusion, unhappily ruined in value by decay or by fire, the ores of lead, vast depositories of half-worked arrow and spear heads, the arsenals of early times, bracelets, traces of woven cloth, pottery of elegant design and graceful ornamentation, to say nothing of spirited carvings of the human head, which, judging from the faithfulness of the representations of animals found with them, may be taken as portraits in stone of the people who made them.

What became of the mound-builders of the West we may never ascertain. They may have succumbed under the irruption of savage hordes, or have been seduced to distant lands by the attractions of a more genial climate and more fertile soil, but their tombs tell us, and their other monuments confirm their story, not only that they were wide-spread, numerous, agricultural, but well advanced in the arts, with uniform habits, a strong social and political organization, and a systematized religion.

There exist in the Gulf States a class of sepulchral mounds that seem to have been built up by successive layers or strata of the dead, and in which the bodies are placed side by side, or with their feet radiating from a common centre. These probably owe their origin to the later Indian tribes, and to the custom prevailing among many of them of collecting together at intervals the bones of their relatives and friends and depositing them with many ceremonies and sacrifices in a common grave. This custom prevailed among some of the Indian nations until

a comparatively recent period, and to it we owe the existence in Canada and some of our Northern States of great ossuaries, or as they are called, "bone pits." In all of these, implements, utensils, and ornaments were deposited beside the skeletons of their original possessors, as were also contributions of other articles from the survivors, which it was supposed might be useful to the departed in a future state.

Pretended discoveries in the Western mounds have been made the basis of a great number of impostures. Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, professed to have found the golden plates on which the book of Mormon was inscribed in a mound in Western New York. A stone, bearing an undecipherable inscription in something like the old Runic characters, was alleged to have been taken from the inner vault of the great Grave Creek mound, and for a while it was much talked of by pseudo archaeologists. But a later and more clumsy fraud is that of the so-called "Holy Stones," bearing Hebrew inscriptions, said to have been discovered in one of the mounds in the vicinity of Newark, Ohio. Nothing, however, has been found in any of these repositories to indicate the use of letters or the existence of written language among the mound-builders.

Had the pretended Grave Creek inscription been on any other material than the local sandstone, its authenticity would have been less doubtful, for it seems almost incredible, if, in the course of ages, vessels carrying men or at least articles of European origin, could escape being driven on American shores. Bottles thrown into the Gulf Stream off South Carolina have been recovered on the coasts of Scotland and among the Hebrides; and almost any kind of craft disabled in the neighborhood of the Canaries would naturally be drifted by the trade-winds to the Antilles, where, falling within reach of the great sea-current setting northward along the eastern shores of Central America, it would be caught by the Gulf Stream, and, if not stranded or dashed in pieces by storms, finally be picked up in the waters of Northern Europe. Relics of European origin, coins and implements, may very well be found among the Indian remains of our own country, without however implying descent, relationship, or constant intercourse with Europe, nor yet a condition of advancement such as is implied in the use of letters.

Some of the Central American nations, the builders of Palenque and Ocosingo alone among all the American aborigines, attained to that form of a written language which may be called syllabo-phonetic, or phono-syllabic; but there is not the slightest evidence of an authentic character to show that the race of the mounds ever attained, in this direction, to a higher point than the Indian tribes found in possession of the country at the time of the Discovery.

In many parts of the world, but more particularly on the shores of the *fjords* and creeks of the Baltic, and the banks of estuaries and bays in our own country, are found numbers of shell mounds or heaps, sometimes containing skeletons and rude instruments of bone and stone, indicating high antiquity. In Denmark these are known as *Kjokkenmoddings*, kitchen refuse, and many of the articles found in them are referred by archaeologists to a very remote period. Like the shell heaps of the United States, they seem to have had their origin in the practice of the aboriginal tribes to collect at certain periods on the coast, and indulge in a grand feast on the succulent mollusks and mussels, the oysters and periwinkles to be found in salt and brackish water, the shells of which were cast together in great heaps. In these heaps they, or their successors, sometimes found it convenient and easy to bury their dead, precisely as did the provident Peruvians in the heaps of stones that they gathered from their cultivated fields, although not from the same motive with the latter, whose object was to conserve all the arable space possible, and who begrudged the few square feet of ground to which we all claim to be entitled, to their departed friends and relatives. I found these shell heaps in Central America, on the islands and shores of the great bay of Fonseca, but discovered nothing in them of particular interest. The shells in all tell a simple story, that they were opened in rough fashion, by fracture rather than by the application of the thin-bladed steel wedge with which they are now so deftly separated; and the broken stone and bone implements mixed with them attest how rude were the people who used them. The burials in them were mere incidents, and reveal nothing more than might be found in contemporaneous graves.

Mound building is yet going on in some parts of the world, and illustrates the fallacy of the divisions and classifications by which some antiquaries and archaeologists undertake to fix chronological epochs, instead of simple epochs of development. They speak of the stone age, the bronze age, the iron age, etc., as the geologist speaks of the primary, secondary, and tertiary rocks, and leave their readers by inference, if not by direction, to suppose that the prevalence of stone, bronze, or iron implements and utensils, were synchronous; in other words, they assume that mankind was advancing *pari passu* all over the world by steps of mathematical regularity. Yet it is not many years since the bones of the slain on the fields of Waterloo were gathered into a vast *tumulus*; interment in layers, with intent of forming a pyramid, is going on in one or more English cemeteries, and it is little over half a century ago that "Blackbird," chief of the Omahas, was buried beneath a mound sitting on the back of his favorite horse, on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri river, "so that he might see the white people ascend the stream to trade with his nation."

Mound-building, although unquestionably one of the earliest forms of human interment, means nothing absolutely; it is an incident or a fashion, and while the primitive man, unacquainted with the use of metals, used necessarily a stone ax or a flint knife, it does not follow that the very latest man, dating an ancestry coeval with the first, may not still be using

the same rude means of accomplishing his object or gratifying his wants. We may possibly say that such a nation or people have got beyond the stone age into the bronze, or beyond the bronze into the iron; but all this has only a relative, not a positive significance, for, by contact with more advanced peoples, the lowest savage may, in respect of mechanical appliances at least, leap over all intermediate stages of progress, annihilate centuries of slow and painful development, and enter into possession and use of the arts of the people with which he has been suddenly brought in relationship.

## LOST AT SEA.

BY PHOEBE CART.

Blanca, of the seraph face,  
Blanca, of the brow serene;  
Crowned with its diadem of grace,  
Befitting beauty's royal queen;  
My heart that goes in search of thee,  
To find and set thee in my sight,  
Keeps moaning like the moaning sea,  
That cries above the day and night.

Blanca, of the gold-hued hair,  
Blanca, of the swan-white neck,  
I picture thee in mute despair;  
I see thee on the settling wreck;  
Till, with thy tresses blowing free  
Upon the midnight's bitter breath,  
The cruel fingers of the sea  
Clutched them and drew thee down to death!

Blanca, of the bird-like voice,  
How oft in summer nights again  
Its flute-like tones come echoing back,  
To fill my heart with tender pain;  
Ay, with such palmy heart is filled,  
That oft I need must sit and weep,  
For that sweet voice forever stilled  
In the great silence of the deep.

Blanca of the rose-red mouth,  
Blanca of the heaven-blue eyes,  
Those tender violets of the South,  
That took their color from the skies;  
Alas! to think that regal rose  
Should fade upon the ocean's breast,  
And that his icy hand should close  
Those flowers to everlasting rest.

Blanca of the blighted youth,  
Oh, not so much I weep for thee,  
As for thy dreams of love and truth  
Lost in despair's unfathomable sea!  
Not for thy closed eyes I moan,  
Nor that thy golden head is low;  
But for life's treasures once thine own,  
That suffered shipwreck long ago!

## THE THEFT OF THE OPAL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHEN the French entered Mexico, the old Señor D'Azara left it.

He had been an ardent republican; but full of premature despair, he fancied then that hope for liberty was dead, and he converted a portion of his property into all the gold he could obtain, and the rest of it into substantial silver dollars, and took his little faithful daughter Felice with him—no easy task—on his way to this country.

Felice was a very different being from her father. His ardor, without his discretion, kept the hot Mexican blood in her veins on the perpetual bubble; she loved her country as a personality; its mere dust seemed to her a better thing than the skies themselves of other lands; she cared nothing whether republics or empires obtained there—there would still be the fountains, the *plazas*, the promenades, the mountain-peaks; it would still be Mexico, and in Mexico she would have lived and died. But the Señor D'Azara paid no heed at all to her passions, and the coach that climbed across the hillsides with him and his wealth, carried her in one corner, an embodiment of angry fire, smoldering, and sulking, and ready, no one knew at what moment, to break out into a blaze.

She had bidden adieu to the ancient palace and the gardens that had been her home, since needs must be, without a ripple of feeling disturbing her set face; yet, although she had not manifested an emotion, she had felt as if her heart were being drawn out of her by its vital cords. But when she came to look for the last time into the church and the confessional of her childhood, then it seemed that not only her heart but her soul also was being torn away; she burst into a wild weeping and lamentation, and cast her arms about the feet of the sculpture before which she had so often told her rosary, and implored the Mother of God, not to reverse the inevitable, but to give her one atom of that calm, that strong and stony calm which statues only know; a calm of which this fiery-like piece of flesh and blood had never even felt the shadow, and most probably never would.

As she rose, subdued at last with the exhaustion of emotion and of prayer, still too excited to recognize that quiet as fatigue, she received it as an answer to her petition; and, full of quick, joyful gratitude, and a sense of the protection that was to go with her now wherever she went, she took from her waist a jewel hanging there, and wound its slender suspending chain around the kind hands of the woman for ever praying thus for all the world. As true a sacrifice it was as ever made—for Felice valued it almost as she did her eyes.

This jewel was an old trophy from the D'Azara family. It had come to them from the very Montezumas; they vaguely fancied that it had magical powers, and they associated their fate with its possession; for, through many times

lost in the vicissitudes of the volcanic land, it had always returned to the family, and brought good-fortune with it. Around the back of its setting a legend ran in strange old characters that might have been the cuneiform, which nobody knew how to read, but which, it had always been supposed, and handed down as a tradition, implied that though conquerors might strip this jewel from its lord, sooner than remain away from the land where its atoms of splendor had first collected into shape, it would redissolve those atoms and flee back again to its source on star-point, and sunbeam, and vapor, and leave only ashes to the holder.

It was a fire-opal of extraordinary size and brilliancy, the red flame always fluttering in its centre, and collecting other tints about it, as if by a sort of enchanting power it could command into itself the rays of every other jewel, so that any royal diamond flashed with fewer colors, and emerald, or sapphire, or ruby radiances were extinguished by the potent ichor of this great plash of milky light in which they all seemed liquefied. Around its edges a groove was cut deep enough to hold a thread of wrought silver, by which it was suspended upon a tablet, a fraction larger than itself, composed of a white mosaic of rose-diamonds of too little depth to be of any value, and plainly showing that the primeval Worker in jewels knew the necessity of separating the opal from all physical contact by resting it upon this cold surface, where no heat could ever penetrate sufficiently to extract the infinitesimal water-particles, whose refractions, sparkling in their cells, gave it all its hue and lustre.

When Felice had hung this jewel on the Virgin's hands, she knelt again and kissed her feet, and then went out with a lofty lightness of heart; for she felt as if she had performed a sacred act of religion, and with the jewel had given also the honor and safety of her own race into the keeping of the Queen of Heaven.

But life would be only a brief matter if such paroxysms had strength enough to endure, and Felice's religious fervor had all passed into an angry hatred of the people whose advent was compelling her to quit her home, before that home was out of sight. When the French escort left the carriage, they received for thanks only a bitter flash from those dark eyes of hers; she would rather be despoiled by Mexican banditti than be cared for by these robbing adventurers. And presently she had her choice. They had left the silver mountain-heights behind them, the garden where perpetual spring-time reigns; the air was no longer heavy with the odor of orange-blossoms; they rolled no more under the rosy heaven of stately oleanders; but among the arid rocks the spring cactus flared out in hot scarlet like the forked tongues of adders, the sun poured down with scorching heat over wastes of weary chapparal, and suddenly every wayside thorn became a bayonet, a covey of brilliant birds rose like a flock of screaming meteors and sailed away—the guerrillas were upon them, had overturned the coach, had robbed Felice of her trinkets, had made the Señor D'Azara's money-chests their own, and had punished his resistance with death. Felice saw him lying there, still and ghastly, for an instant, and then she knew no more; leaving the dead man lying in the sun, the guerrillas bound the abject passengers on the diligence-mules, which two of their number conducted to the coast and left there.

As for Felice, when she came to herself, after the raving fever in which she was thrown had left her, she was lulled by a long, slow movement, a delicious soaring and sinking, as if she were a spirit now swaying in mid-air, now slipping freely down the wind. She said to herself, "I am dead; and angels are carrying me up among the warm sunset clouds." She was really in a berth on board an American schooner, just entering the Gulf Stream; for, when they had found themselves at liberty, the remaining passengers of the diligence, not knowing what else to do with her, had taken Felice with themselves, and so, in a manner, had her future in their hands. They were not long in discovering, though, what an uncontrollable and haughty little piece it was whose lot they had undertaken—for in her first grief she was unmanageable—and when they telegraphed the Mexican Minister concerning her, they said nothing to her about it, and felt that the Minister had done everything that could be asked, when he procured for this girl, without a dollar or relative in the world, a situation, as some sort of governess, in a family wealthy enough to indulge in such a freak.

For freak it was, since Felice was totally destitute of education, except in its rudimentary form; she knew nothing of any country but her own, and she had never read a book in her life; but her daily attendance at a convent had made her mistress of the French language; she painted on velvet, and could show others how to do the same; and she played upon the harp like a siren. Add to these accomplishments the possession of a remarkable beauty. And when Mrs. Davenport presented her to her husband, that lady said, in English, "This exquisite firefly is the under-governess of our children, my dear. She is the most ignorant little wretch that it was ever my fate to come across. She thinks the sun goes round the earth, and the moon is his wrong side. But I believe she can count. And I am going to pay her three hundred a year for the privilege of keeping her in the house to look at, like the interest-money of any picture that you pay five thousand dollars for. She is of noble family, and proud as Lucifer, and you must address her in French, and tell her how honored you are by the presence in your house of one of her distinguished name." Which Mr. Davenport straightway did, and won the heart of Felice on the spot, for all that she had just been retreating from the touch of the hand of this portly and plebeian-looking creature, with the grayish hair standing up straight all round his head.

But if Felice had no education, she had plenty of mother-wit. The helplessness and dismay which she had felt at first when, having always



been taken care of, she could not realize the existence of penury or the necessity of now taking care of herself, and when the idea of earning her own livelihood had presented to her the depth of degradation, that helplessness had all passed away, and she now saw that her present situation was much more than, in a system of equivalents, she had any right to expect, and to keep it she must make herself a necessary appendage to the household. It was not long, though, before the household became a necessary appendage to her herself, and her affectionate nature would have been desolated had she been obliged to leave it. Before a couple of months had passed, the children, one and all, adored her, and clambered round her like flies round honey, to hear the wonderful things she had to say of her strange life and land, her stories of the convent, of the jaguar crying at night from the clefts of the volcano, of old tombs and floating gardens, of flocks of pink butterflies she had seen swept down the current of air over rapid rivers, of flamingoes so scarlet that they seemed like the focus of a burning glass, to have concentrated all the heat and sunlight of the landscape into themselves, of the labyrinthine ways deep down in the old deserted silver mines, and lastly, of the diligence and the terrible banditti. But there Felice always burst out into such deplorable weeping, that nothing could console her, though one urchin daubed his barley-sugar all over her face, and another hugged the breath out of her body; only by-and-by, when she remembered Tony's passionate little embraces, and the tears he was shedding with her, it seemed to her there was love in the world yet left for her, and she would run into his room in the middle of the night and wake him up with kisses, and her tears sparkling full of electric fire, and only fall asleep on the floor beside his cot; and thus, though the other children were well enough, Tony became the apple of her eye. They were, in fact, two children together, for Felice had as many angers and furies as Tony himself, they were over as quickly as his, and the existence of such tempers put them on a level, and were a great moral, or immoral, support to Tony; and when he had been raising a great uproar for something he was not to have, he would cry out:

"But Felice will give it to me. She has a mine of silver, that, when the wicked French are finished, will be hers again, and then I shall marry her, and we will go to her home and live in the great house she told about, where the whole walls are paintings and the fences all of silver!"

"She is enough to spoil the discipline of any house!" cried Mrs. Davenport, good-naturedly. "I am going to marry her off and out of the way!" And she immediately began taking her into society.

"My dear Felice," said Mr. Davenport, "my wife cannot endure to go out alone, and by taking you with her, instead of me, she relieves me of a fearful ordeal. Now, I want you to understand that you are my adopted child, and must array yourself to do me no discredit," and he slid into her hand a check for party dresses that took away her breath—for, as Mrs. Davenport had said, Felice could count.

There was such a silence for a moment afterward, that Mr. Davenport began to shrink into himself, fearing he had done a horrible thing, and had offended the little noblewoman's pride too atrociously to be forgiven. But in the next instant her arms were about his neck, and she had kissed him on either cheek—not for the money, be it understood, but for the deed—and directly afterward had sprung away and stood there a crimson little coal, with the color streaming up and down her temples, irresolute between anger, shame, and smiles, till Mrs. Davenport herself returned the salute, and tilting up the pretty face, with all its blushes on it, said she never dreamed when this fiery came into the house that presently she was going to be as dear as any daughter.

If Felice had been a pleasant thing to look at before when in her simple attire, she was a bewildering little object of beauty when framed in full evening display; she did not adopt the dress of the ladies round about her so much as adapt it; she made a picture of herself, as unique as if she had been a painting, and always she contrived to introduce some slight national trait into her costume—to-day, all her immense mass of black hair twisted into one knot, and shot through with a silver arrow, from which the lace mantilla fell around her; to-morrow, the silver-braided jacket depending from the shoulder, or the fan with which, leisurely fanning herself, she stepped from the carriage, or which she held up coquettishly, a shield against the sun. She could talk a little broken English now, that made her piquant and accessible; she was light and gay in the French, which every one she met with used upon occasion, and if, by chance, some one approached her in Spanish, then all the passionate poetry of her nature broke forth, and that person was her slave. There were some women who admired her, they admitted with kind candor, as a piece of art; others, who regarded her with pure delight as a child of nature, and yet a majority who distrusted, envied, and disliked her as an adventuress—and nothing more was needed to make the little Mexican the rage.

Launched upon the full tide of fashion and society with a success that would have turned the head of many a girl reared after healthier ways, nothing could have pleaded better for Felice than her devotion to her patrons did. She was fond of Mrs. Davenport, but that lady's wit puzzled her a little, and her chief thought seemed to be how she could best please Mr. Davenport. At whatever hour she came in on the night before, the morning always found her ready to pour his coffee for him with a smiling face; she ran to greet him when he came home, and if he ever condescended to go out with her and his wife, there was not one among her chevaliers whom she would not leave in the lurch for the sake of hanging proudly on the arm of Mr. Davenport.

Her social experiences, too, were a constant

source of excitement to the children beyond any story-books; they hung around her toilet-table and surveyed her, when arrayed for conquest, as if she had been Cinderella; they knew all her beaux by heart, and kept the threads of their various dramas, a little tangled together, to be sure, but none the less vivid and absorbing for that. Sometimes the others twitted Tony with these beaux:

"I had just as lief make their mouths water," said Tony, early developing his total depravity. "None of them can marry her, you know, because she has promised to marry me. Sometimes we quarrel like two pickpockets, but we love each other. I gave her that ring; I saved my pennies, and nurse took me where we bought it, and, inside, the man engraved, 'Mrs. Tony Davenport,' and she wears it on her finger," said Tony, taking up the hand and kissing that one white finger till Felice dropped all her folderols and caught him up and covered his little face with a thousand kisses of her own, to the confusion of all toilet, and the turning out of all children, and the beginning again at the foundations.

She used to wake up out of her child-like sleep at night, and lie in the still dark, flushing unseen with pleasure, and thinking how happy she was, how kind heaven was; how dear her friends were; wondering if there would ever be any way in which she could show Mr. Davenport how much she loved him; if Tony would care just as much about her when he grew to be a man; if any love of any lover could ever be as sweet to her as the love of that dear child was now. It was only once in a while, and always then in the night, that Felice's old, half-forgotten homesickness returned upon her, that a deep and unquenchable yearning took possession of her, and it seemed to her that she could walk back a thousand miles on thorns to have again that home, those flowers, those faces, that sunshine; but then she remembered that her father had been its first sunshine, and he was there no longer, and wild with grief, she sobbed herself asleep again. But, in reality, Mr. Davenport had almost taken the place, in her flexible feelings, of her father, and, intense as her emotions were, their very intensity destroyed them, and nothing but her love lasted long with this fiery little piece of pulsation. But perhaps a large portion of her general tranquillity was due to the fact that in all this time she had never met a person from her home to call up its apparition in any vivid light, for the old fires and fervors must have still been there, deep in her burning heart, but slumbering.

Sometimes Felice had her peace disturbed by an ill-natured remark that reached her ears. If it concerned herself, she forgot it after a moment; if it was a reproach upon her country, she usually astonished the speaker with a piece of her mind; if, finally, she found herself wrought up by it to a point beyond her brief powers of endurance, she fled into seclusion and hid herself in the shelter of a friendly convent that she had long ago discovered, whence, in a week's time, or less, she always emerged again, feeling like a saint and ready for fresh bouts of cheerful frivolity. She was a strange little compound, governed by no manner of principle but by the impulse of the moment—love, if that happened to be uppermost, and otherwise, the contrary. If she had not left Mexico when she did, ten years thereafter I would not have trusted her with a stiletto and her enemy in the dark; but as it was, she would be in ten years a very different being from that possible Felice. The love of Tony and his father was a great civilizer, and that tiny face, set in its snarl of brown curls, rose like a shield between her and whatever temptations she had known, which, after all, were but few affairs and trivial.

Felice had been for something more than three years an inmate of Mrs. Davenport's family, when, one evening, the drawing-rooms full of a gay dancing party, to them entered a young French officer of good appearance. Felice always danced with such a fatiguing abandon that she had just retired, after a gallop, to rest herself unnoticed in the recesses of a deep window-seat before the German was quite formed, and was there made a participant in the conversation of two dowagers, who, playing propriety over their respective properties in the damsels of the dance beyond, compensated themselves meanwhile with a relish of gossip. Suddenly Felice was listening with all her ears, without an idea of right or honor, but only aware that these dowagers intended to say something which she intended to hear—which she must and should hear.

"Only a nursery-governess?" said one of these ladies.

"Nothing else, I assure you," replied the other, emphasizing it with her fan.

"How impudent a proceeding on Mrs. Davenport's part!"

"Most impudent, my dear," said the echo.

"I have heard, somewhere else, that she looks to them for everything."

"Altogether."

"And she has airs fit for a princess."

"Has she not? Ah, they tell me there is no end to the discord she has bred in this house—involved the servants, captured the children, enslaved Mr. Davenport, and his poor wife is—"

All at once the worthy dowager stopped, silent in surprise, as if she had seen a ghost, but it was only Felice, who had sprung from her hiding-place, and was stooping so far forward in order to look into the woman's false face, that the carnation and white satin of her short dancing-dress fell in a heavy fold away from her beautiful foot, while her eyes, glittering out of a deadly white countenance, transfixed the speaker as a spear might transfix a snake. In a moment the little vision had flashed away, but the dowager still stared open-mouthed at the vacant place, and possibly heard the words that Felice, for the time of one heart-beat, felt burning within her, and in the next had scorned to say.

"I believe she is a witch!" cried the second body. "Did you ever see anything like that?"

"Never," responded the other, catching her breath, and then laughing at herself. "This is obi, or fetich, or some wicked art the thing brought from Mexico. The other day, at our house, I remember now, she was the only one of all the girls that, running first across the carpet, could light the gas with her fingers. The rest all failed, but she touched the tube and the fire streamed up to the ceiling. Look at her now! look there!"

It was indeed something to look at; for, led into the dance by the young French officer who had been presented to her at the moment she turned, and ere she perceived who he was, Felice was swung from her partner to the opposite person, and as she touched their hands, ten tiny sparks of rosy fire suddenly darted from those finger-tips of hers, and were gone again.

It was hardly a wonder that the two gossips stared in holy horror as if at something uncanny, and by mutual tacit consent uttered not a word. The truth is, that it was but a simple natural phenomenon often attending people of peculiar temperament when in any highly excited state; and, full of wrath and disdain for the dowagers, suddenly turning, Felice had seen, dangling from the watch-chain of the young officer, and had grown infuriated to see, the jewel of the D'Azaras—the great fire-opal, which, with the fortunes of her race, Felice herself had dedicated to heaven, and hung, a pledge of protection to be granted, on the Virgin's hands.

There are no words at once confused and sharp enough to tell the thoughts that swept through Felice with the sight. Impressed with superstitious belief in the powers of the stone, she saw, as if by a flash of lightning, not only theft and sacrilege, but her very fate, hanging like a bauble at the caprice of this youth. A wild sense of wrong seized her; a longing determination. Have it she must, cost what it might. If at the instant she had had to prick a ponard through his heart in order to obtain it, doubtless she would not have flinched. The sudden fusing fire and fury had made her hard as stone. This perfect thing that had been the property of her ancestors since the first Spaniard of them all wrenched it from the old Aztec who treasured it, that had been the talisman of their destinies, the assurance of their safety—could she, a D'Azara, suffer it to stay, an ornament, on a boy's breast? Look at the light in it now—look at it, a constant flame of fire, now a red glint, now a golden one, now a sheet of azure like the paved work of a sapphire that Moses saw when climbing into heaven, and now again the constant spark. It was a fortune in itself. That jewel hers again—and the stately palaces, the deep gardens, the eyes behind the jealousies, the bristling palms, delicious heats, beautiful perfumes, the languors and delights of that dear life were hers again, as well—youth and its well-being, home, and its joys, and all the blisses of the old fantastic Mexican land!

How had she ever parted with it?

But parted with it she had! She had given it to heaven, to the one being that she loved better than home or happiness, or any grand ideal of fatherland—the one whose fair marble guise was dearer than any mother of her own might have been, who made heaven visible to her earthly eyes. All the religious love of Felice's nature, her natural and inherited fanatic warmth, rose in a blaze to right the injury done this object of her adoration. The opal should hang its restless flame of splendor again upon the Virgin's hands, or it should go out in darkness. For a breath, her heart stood still; but, with another, her whole body seemed to be nothing but a heart—one great heart, bounding and beating in one single pulsation; and as she swam away into the waltz, she forgot the Davenports and their affection and her devotion—forgot her recent happiness, neither thought of right, or wrong, of Tony, or of any danger of discovery, but had put up her hand and had twisted and retwisted the slender thread of silver by which the opal hung upon its diamond tablet, and whose catch she knew so well of old, and the tablet still swung with the seals and charms, but the opal had been detached from it and was clasped tightly in the hot and hanging hand of Felice.

"Aha!" said the observant dowagers, in one breath. "Aha!"

But Felice neither recked nor remembered any dowagers in all the world. She had her own again! She was as buoyant as a bubble, the blood was coursing through her veins like liquid sunshine, her eyes burned, her lips reddened, her fingers tingled; all flushed and radiant, she flew along the dance; she overflowed with a triumphant, happy heat—she had her own again. For certainly it was not his—no priest had ever taken from the statue a treasure costly as that, simply to decorate this young adventurer, who now had fled with the other French from Mexico! And suddenly Felice stopped her dancing in full tide; flitting through the mazes of the German, it was a whole hour she had been holding that thing in her dry, hot hand; she stopped when, again meeting her partner, his arm slipped round her; she stopped and recoiled with a swift thought. This light, strong arm that supported her through the waltz had the ban of holy Church upon it, for it had committed sacrilege—it was the arm of a thief.

At the same moment the young Frenchman missed the jewel he had worn.

"I beg your pardon," he cried, in agitation. "I have lost a very valuable ornament. I had it when presented, for I remember being so fortunate as to see it catch your eye, mademoiselle. It will be trodden on, and, it may be, ruined. Is it possible that the dance should pause?"

And before Felice had time to interpose a word, and break the intense silence she had been keeping, the dancers had separated into groups, each scanning the linen-stretched floors; she saw that the Davenports had come among them; and, though she heard the music still sounding on, it was like the beating of a great valve in her ears, as the blood went hurrying up and down her frame from head to foot in hot and headlong speed; she looked no

longer like Felice, but as though she were possessed by some young, fierce and blushing demon.

"It was immensely valuable!" cried the young officer. "I seldom wore it. I would not have parted with it for any title."

"Was it a heirloom, monsieur?" asked Mrs. Davenport.

"Of great antiquity in our house, madame," he replied, still searching up and down the floor. "Sacred from a thousand associations. And even had I never seen my mother wear it, yet of great intrinsic worth. There is hardly such an opal in Europe. Peste! There are not five such in the world. Five? I do not know that there is one!"

"We shall see it presently; do not fear."

"And then I shall have the honor of showing to you, dear madame, what a precious opal can be," said this young fancier in jewels. "I own it was but vanity that induced me to hang this bit of fire on my chain, not strictly a gem, it may be, but surpassingly splendid. I wonder it does not flash out upon us now—limpid as a drop of water, a pearl and a diamond crystallized together, with a body of color impossible to a moonstone—"

"Are you sure that it is here you lost it?" asked Mrs. Davenport, checking his loquacious enthusiasm—for the servants had been in the rooms, brushing up the shreds and specks there, but finding nothing else.

"Most sure," he answered her. "For it was when I entered the dance that it attracted the eye of— By-the-way!" he murmured quickly to himself, "that was a singular expression," and he looked up sharply at Felice. "It is still a singular expression. She surveys me as if her glances were daggers she would put through me." He crossed over to the side of Felice, while the others still moved along the floor, bending and seeking. "Mademoiselle," he said, "will I beg too great a favor if I request you to ascertain that my jewel has not fallen among the folds of your dress? If it were but a trinket, I would hesitate, but it is my fortune, my all!"

Felice had not meant to abandon that stone to him, even were she forced, as an alternative, to swallow it. As some young tigress, reared by taming hands, at relish of one drop of blood hears all the savage joys of the forest call out to her till she springs up and answers them—so sight of this jewel had maddened Felice with old thoughts of home and swift longings after it; she had no more meant to surrender it again than she would have surrendered her birthright.

But glancing up, as the young Frenchman spoke, her eye rested on Mr. Davenport, where, leaving the matter in hand to his wife, he stood regarding her with that sweet and kindly smile of his. It seemed to her that she saw Tony's face, all at once, beaming out of his features—the affections that had made her blessed these three years past surged up and drowned out every thing else, and she sprang away from the Frenchman, and stood at Mr. Davenport's side, with one hand upon his arm; and, stretching out the other hand, she slowly opened it and held it away from her, and gave only one glance at the thing that lay like a great white grape on the pink palm. But that one glance lit up the old legend in her memory, and fired her afresh with superstitious courage. At the same time the fan of the first dowager tapped her shoulder from behind.

"It is of no use to conceal it, my dear," whispered the dowager, "for I saw you take it!"

Felice did not condescend to turn her head, but only ceased her clutch, like a drowning person's, on Mr. Davenport's arm, and her left hand lay there as in a caress, while bending forward, she still held her other hand open toward the young Frenchman.

"Monsieur," she cried, so silverly that no soul in the drawing-rooms lost a word, "here is the jewel. And you shall have it again when you tell me how you came by it. For, monsieur, this opal was never any heirloom of yours, has had no antiquity in your house, was not sacred to you from a single association, you never saw your mother wear it. But you stole it! You robbed a church, you committed sacrilege, you stripped it from off the blessed hands of the Mother of God, where I, myself, hung it in votive offering. For this stone belongs neither to France nor to America!" cried Felice. "In Mexico the D'Azaras found it, in Mexico they left it; and, could you read the legend on its tablet's back, you would know what every D'Azara for four hundred years has known, since the old priest of the Sun first interpreted it, that, sooner than shine under any sky but that where first it crystallized together, it will flee back again to its source on star-point and sunbeam and vapor, and leave only ashes to the holder. And now, thief! stealing from heaven that gave all, behold it!"

And it was exactly as Felice had said. The stone, two hours ago throbbing with splendor, shifting one hue into another in perpetual interchange of milky lustre, with its fluttering flame imprisoned and turned back upon its heart in rainbows, had yielded all its dew to the hot hand in which it had been shut, to the torrid vitality there; its cells were dry and hollow; no art of chemist or of alchemist could give it back its radiance; dimmer than the silver thread grooved around it and twisted half away, it lay a dull dead thing on that pink palm, of little better worth than a piece of milky porcelain. And Felice, turning to hide her head now on Mr. Davenport's protecting arm, and ready only to run away and find the comfort of Tony's embraces, felt first in one heroic flush that the D'Azaras were a mighty race, endowed with magic powers, and that she, the last of them, had avenged the outraged Queen of Heaven.

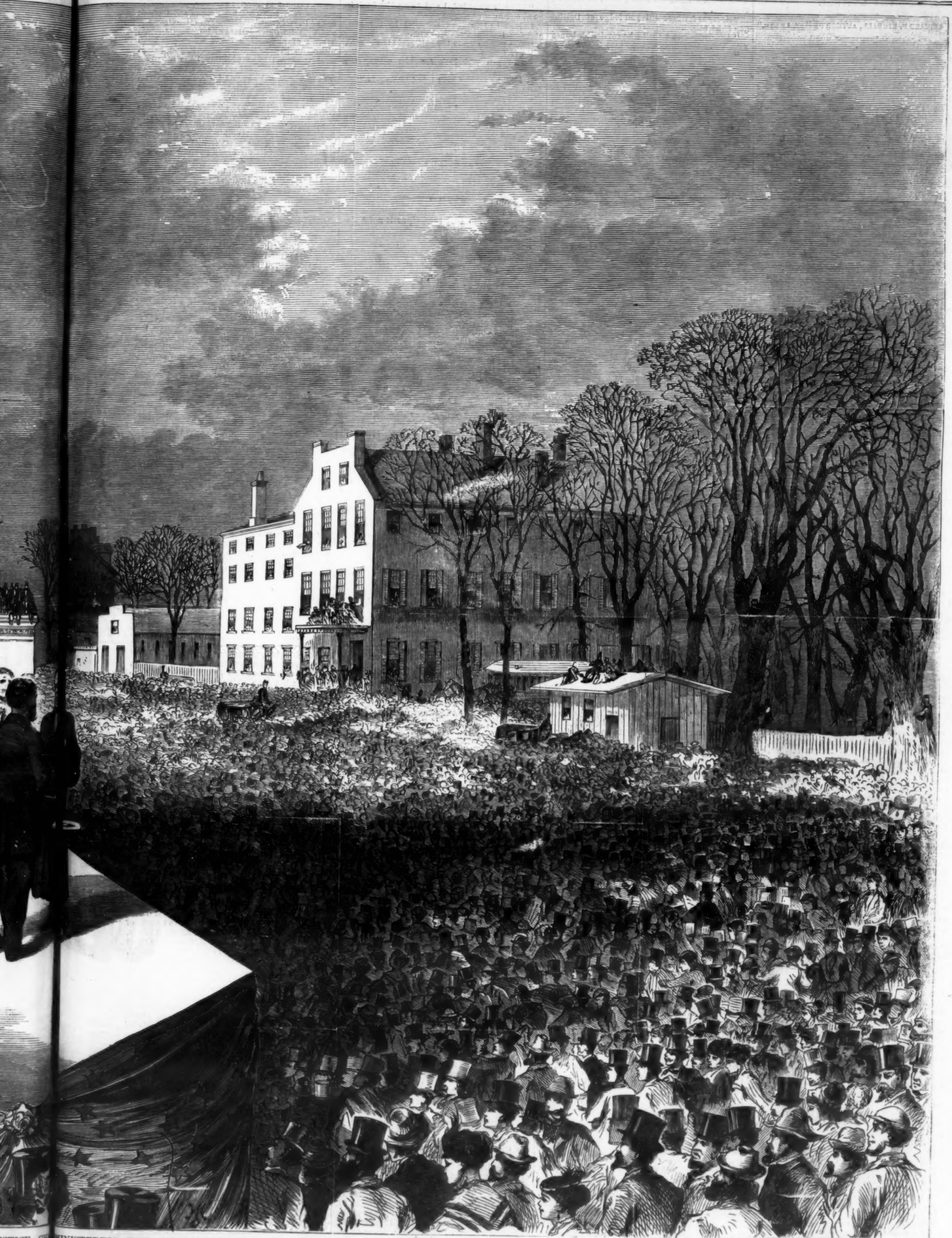
INDIA has had a curious railway accident. An elephant, seeing the red light and the smoke, concluded that the noisy locomotive was an enemy to be summarily demolished. He accordingly placed himself on the track and met the strange creature head on, with trunk and tusks; The result was a dead elephant and eleven cars capsized.





THE INAUGURATION OF ULYSSES S. GRANT AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, MARCH 4TH, 1869—CHIEF JUSTICE CHAS. MINISTRIE  
FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, PHOTOGRAPHS BY M.





JUSTICE CHIEF ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF OFFICE—THE SCENE ON AND NEAR THE EAST PORTICO OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
E. TAYLOR, ENGRAVER. PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. B. BRADY.—SEE PAGE 3.



## THE EARTHLI.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER."

WHEN first with joyousness we welcome life,  
And friends are many and our fortunes gay;  
While yet untrammelled by the serpent-strife  
Which in its coils still bears the earth away:  
Tis then the Future lies far, far beyond;  
The Past is not, the Present hath no bound.

How soon does Earth claim all those golden hours!  
Our hopes still eager, but alas! not true;  
World-wise we scorn our earlier, nobler powers,  
While meaner efforts task the strength anew:  
And now the Future seems within our grasp;  
The Past, a dream, the Present vain we clasp.

The years steal on; to us the World hath been;  
Its whilom luster charms no more the eye;  
Hushed is the whirling throng; not now the din  
Of the great earth-god heed we, sweeping by:  
The Past, a pang; the Present, an abyss;  
The Future—dare we ask for happiness?

## THE PRUSSIAN TERROR;

OR,  
The Adventures of an Amateur Soldier.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, SEN.

## XXV.—THE TESTAMENTARY EXECUTION.

BENEDICT had leaped into the Main on the left of the bridge; the current swept him toward the arches.

As he rose to the surface of the water, he looked around him, and perceived a boat moored to one of the arches. A man was lying down in this boat.

Benedict swam toward him with one hand, holding his rifle out of the water with the other. The boatman lifted his oar as he saw him approach.

"Are you Prussian or Austrian?" he asked, with his oar raised.

"I am a Frenchman," answered Benedict.

The boatman held out his hand to him, and Benedict, all dripping, climbed into the boat.

"Twenty florins," he said to him, "if we are at Dettingen in an hour. We have the current in our favor, and I will row with you."

"It would be easy to do," said the boatman, "if one was sure that the promise would be kept."

"Stay," said Benedict, pulling off his Styrian jacket and hat, and fumbling in the pocket; "there are ten already."

"To work, then!" said the boatman.

He seized one oar, and Benedict took the other. The boat, detaching itself from the stone arch, glided for a moment in half shadow, and, propelled by four vigorous arms, shot down the current of the river with the swiftness of an arrow.

In five minutes the two oarsmen were out of gunshot, and, consequently, out of danger.

As they passed before a little wood, situated just on the river bank, and called Joll-Bulsson, he thought he saw Karl fighting desperately in the midst of a group of Prussians. But as, with the exception of a gold cord around the neck of the jacket, the uniform of all Styrians was the same, it might have been one of his chasseurs, and not Karl himself.

Nevertheless Benedict thought he saw in the melée a dog which resembled Fringant, and it will be remembered that Fringant had followed Karl.

It was a quarter past six. The boatman had earned his twenty florins, and Benedict gave them to him.

Before leaving, Benedict reflected a moment. "Would you like to earn twenty florins more?" he said to the boatman.

"I would indeed," answered the latter.

Benedict looked at his watch. "The railway train does not pass here until a quarter past seven," he said; "we have more than an hour before us."

"Without taking into consideration that there will be some confusion at Aschaffenburg which will delay the train at least a quarter of an hour, if it does not stop it altogether."

"The 4-1?"

"Will what I have said interfere with my florins?"

"No; but you must first go to Dettingen. You are just my size; buy me a boatman's dress—complete, you understand. Then come back, and we will make an agreement as to what will remain to be done."

The boatman jumped out of his boat, and started off, at a run, toward Dettingen.

A quarter of an hour afterward he returned with a complete suit, for which he had paid ten florins. Benedict gave him that sum.

"And now," asked the boatman, "what more is there to do?"

"Will you wait for me here, three days, with my uniform, my pistols and my rifle? I will give you twenty florins."

"Yes; but suppose you do not return by the end of the three days?"

"The rifle, the pistols, and the uniform will become yours."

"I will remain here a week. One ought to be allowed time to settle his affairs."

"You are a worthy lad. What is your name?"

"Fritz."

"Well, then, Fritz, au revoir!"

In a few seconds Benedict had put on the jacket and pantaloons, and covered his head with the sailor's cap. He turned off, and had

already gone some ten paces, when he stopped suddenly.

"Apropos! where will you lodge at Dettingen?" he asked.

"A sailor is like a snail; he carries his house with him. You will find me in my boat."

"Day and night?"

"Day and night."

"All right, then," and Benedict, in his turn, proceeded to Dettingen.

Fritz had been a true prophet. There had been fighting on the track, and it had to be cleared, so that the train was half an hour behind time.

It was, moreover, the last train which passed; some hussars had been sent to tear up the rails, that troops might not be sent to Frankfurt to succor the Federal army.

Benedict bought a third-class ticket, as became his humble dress. The train, in a great hurry, like all bearers of evil tidings, started off at top speed, stopped for a few minutes only at Manan, and continued on to Frankfurt, where it arrived at a quarter to nine, being scarcely ten minutes behind time.

The depot was crowded with inquisitive people, who had come to ask the news.

Benedict passed as rapidly as possible through the midst of the throng, met Monsieur Felner, whispered in his ear the word, "Beaten," and dashed off in the direction of the Chandroz house.

He rang the bell, and Hans came to open the door.

Helene was not at home. Hans inquired of Emma, and ascertained that Helene was at the Church of Our Lady of the Cross.

Benedict inquired the way to the church, and Hans, who suspected he brought Helene news of Karl, offered to be his guide thither.

It was only a five minutes' walk, and they were soon there. Hans wished to return to the house, but Benedict detained him, alleging that they might have some orders to give him. He left him on the portico and entered the church.

A single chapel was lighted by the flickering glimmer of a lamp. A woman was kneeling before the altar, or, rather, was lying prostrate on the steps which led to it. This woman was Helene.

The eleven o'clock morning train had brought the intelligence that the day would not pass without a fight. At noon, Helene, accompanied by her *femme de chambre*, got into her carriage, and, driven by Hans, had gone over the Aschaffenburg road as far as the wood of Dornigheim. There, amid the stillness of the country, she had listened, and had heard the roar of the cannon.

It is unnecessary to say that each successive report found an echo in her heart. Very soon she could no longer bear to listen to this roar, which deepened and deepened. She re-entered the carriage, returned to Frankfurt, got out at the Church of Our Lady of the Cross, and sent Hans home to allay the anxiety of her sister and mother.

Helene had been praying ever since three o'clock in the afternoon. At the noise Benedict made as he approached her, Helene turned round.

"Is it I, my friend, whom you are looking for?" she said.

"Yes," answered Benedict.

"Then, you have come to give me news of Karl?"

"I was his companion in the fight."

"He is dead!" exclaimed Helene, writhing her arras and sobbing, and raising her eyes to the image of the Madonna, with a glance of mingled reproach and despair. "He is dead! he is dead!"

"I cannot say positively that he is alive and unrounded; but I can say that I do not think he is dead."

"You do not think so?"

"No; on my honor, I do not think so."

"Did he give you a message for me, when he left you?"

"Yes; here are his own words—"

"Oh! speak! speak!"

And Helene clasped her hands together, and knelt on a chair before Benedict, as she would have done before a sacred message.

The message which brings us news of what we love is always sacred.

"Listen to me," he said; "the day is lost. There is a fatality on the House of Austria. I am going to get myself killed, because it is my duty—"

Helene uttered a groan.

"And I! and I!" she murmured; "he did not think of me, then?"

"Yes, indeed! Listen. He went on: 'But it would be folly for you, who are in no wise linked to our fortune, who make war as an amateur, and who are a Frenchman to boot—it would be folly, I say, for you to get yourself killed in a cause which is not your own, and which is not even that of your opinion. Fight to the last moment, and then, when you see that further resistance is useless, return to Frankfurt, hasten to Helene, and tell her that I am dead—if you have seen me die—or, in case death positively rejects me, that I am in retreat with the remnants of the army on Darmstadt or Wurtsburg. If I live, I will write to her. If I die, I will die thinking of her. That is the testament of my heart; I entrust it to you.'"

"Dear Karl! Well?"

"Well, we met twice afterward in the thick of the fight. On the bridge of Aschaffenburg, where he was but slightly wounded in the forehead; and again, a quarter of an hour afterward, between a little wood, called the Joll-Bulsson, and the village of Lieder."

"And there?"

"There he was surrounded by his foes; but he was still fighting."

"Oh! my God!"

"Then I thought of you. The war is ended: we were the last vital power of Austria, her only hope. Dead or alive, Karl belongs to you from this moment. Do you wish me to return to the battlefield? I will look for him until I find him. If he is dead, I will bring him back."

Helene sobbed.

"If he is wounded, I will bring him back in good condition, I assure you."

Helene had grasped Benedict by the arm, and was looking fixedly at him.

"You will go up to the battlefield?" she said.

"Yes."

"And you will look for him among the dead?"

"Yes," he said, "until I find him again."

"I will go with you," said Helene.

"You!" exclaimed Benedict.

"It is my duty. I recognize you now. You are Monsieur Benedict Turpin; you are the French artist who fought the duel with Frederick, and who, having it in your power to kill him, spared his life?"

"Yes."

"Then you are a friend, a man of honor, and I can trust you. Let us start."

"Is that decided?"

"It is decided."

"Do you really wish it?"

"I do wish it."

"Well, then, in that case, there is not a moment to lose."

"How are we to go?"

"There are no more railway trains."

"Hans will drive us over."

"I have something better than Hans. We shall need, under such circumstances, horses for which we feel no consideration, a carriage that we are careless about breaking, and a driver whom we can force. I have my man—a man who would break all his carriages and founder all his horses for my sake."

Benedict called, and Hans made his appearance.

"Run to your brother Lenhart's, and tell him to be here in five minutes with his best carriage, his best horses, some wine and some bread. As he passes by the druggist's, he must stop and procure some linen bandages, some lint, and some sticking-plaster."

"Oh! monsieur," said Hans, "you will have to write all that down for me."

"Very well. A carriage, two horses, bread and wine; you won't forget that. I'll see to everything else. Go!"

Then turning to Helene, he asked: "Will you inform your relatives?"

"Oh! no!" she exclaimed; "they would only try to prevent me from going. I am under the protection of the Virgin; that is worth all the rest."

"Then go on with your prayer. I will come back here for you."

Helene knelt down again, and Benedict rushed out of the church. Ten minutes afterward he returned with everything necessary for a hurried bandaging, and four torches besides.

He had scarcely gotten back when Lenhart drove up to the door with a two-horse carriage.

"Shall we take Hans with us?" asked Helene.

"No; your friends must be informed where you are. If we find Karl wounded, a chamber must be ready for him, and a surgeon must be notified. Moreover, we must manage so that Karl's arrival will cause no shock to your sister, who has scarcely yet recovered from her confinement, and to your grandmother, whose age requires tender treatment."

"At what o'clock may we expect to get back?"

"I can't say; but let them be on the lookout for us after four o'clock in the morning. Did you hear, Hans? And if any uneasiness is felt about your young mistress—"

"You will answer," interposed Lenhart, who had entered the church behind Hans, "that they may set their minds at ease, because Monsieur Benedict Turpin is with her."

"You hear, dear Helene; whenever you are ready—"

"Let us start," said Helene, "and don't lose a minute. My God! when I think that he is perhaps there, stretched on the ground, or propped against a tree or bush, with his blood flowing from two or three wounds, and calling me to his aid in a dying voice!" And carried away by her feelings, she added: "Here I am, dear Karl!—Here I am!"

Lenhart applied his whip vigorously to his horses, and the carriage started off with the swiftness of the wind and the noise of thunder.

## A Street Car to the Capitol.

WITH the exception of the city of Washington, in every town of the country in whose thoroughfares the tramway has been laid, the street-car is an unnoticeable institution enough, a convenience for commonality, attracting no particular remark, but for the equine anatomies that drag it after them. In the national capital, however, it is quite another thing—for though that spot is undoubtedly the paradise of hackmen, yet, owing to the enormous distances of every place from all other places, and the extortions of the livery-stables, there is nobody of so great dignity as not to be found occasionally in the straw of these conveyances, and thus they are, in reality, a sort of perpetual menagerie where all the lions are daily to be seen.

There are two lines of this kind of travel in Washington, the avenue-car, rather crowded and unclean and in bad odor, and the car of the upper streets, freshly carpeted with clean and shining barley-stems, and which you will find almost as aristocratic as your own coach. You are elbowed there by representatives who are nobodies here, to be sure, but who in their own districts are very important people, by clusters of undistinguished senators, creations of accident, and without an idea in their round fat heads; but if you have sharp ears you can overhear there the conversation of those that have no less than the nation in their keeping, and, whether or no, you enter innocently into conversation with the arch-excellency of Congress, the Supreme Bench begs pardon for treading on your toe, and you see the highest

honor of the land give his seat to the humblest woman who may chance to enter.

Take your place any morning in any F street car of the city of Washington, an utter stranger, and with no other letters of introduction than a pack of photograph cards which you have picked up in a stationer's window, and, before noon, you will most probably have seen and heard and passed judgment upon every dignitary to whom, but one day since, you looked up through a distance of admiring awe that lent enchantment to the view.

There was, for instance, a very short, square-shouldered man, sitting rather stooping, in the further corner of the car, where he should not be jockeyed out of his seat by incoming women, or work his passage by the bother of passing up tickets for every one else; he was intently engaged with a newspaper which entirely concealed his face, till he sprang up and smartly jerked the strap, and passed down the car with a word and brief nod to one and another. A murmur followed him; you hear that he has fast horses in his stables; that an orderly gallops behind the pretty ponies which his children drive; that it is a good sign he should not disdain the democracy of the car; and only after he was safely out, did you come to your senses regarding him sufficiently to be aware that you had missed a famous opportunity for buttonholing General Grant.

Presently we are passing Sixth street, where a tall and rather stately person hails the car. Although he wears a slight fringe of gray hair around his chin, the new-comer is not an old gentleman, and you are surprised at the sudden access of good-manners with which half the car-load spring from their seats, and place them at his disposal. Of course he is some notable personage, and, for the moment, you are disgusted at the slavish servility of this demonstration; but, upon inspecting him, the face grows singularly familiar; there are the lineaments, indeed, that have become dear to us all on the greenbacks, whose possession we associate with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and you see at once how indecorous and indecent it would be for any lesser light of law or learning to sit while the Chief Justice stands. When you have surveyed him for a little space, with his urbane countenance and benignant yet majestic manner, and have listened to his kindly conversation, full of subdued pleasantry without bitterness, and uttered with an almost inappreciable lip which is most winning, you are yielding to the charm yourself, and would be delighted with an opportunity to surrender your own seat.

And who may this breezy body be, in careless hat and cutaway coat? now deep in the morning paper's tirade upon himself and not at all displeased thereby, and now giving the Chief Justice an easy word quite on his own level, one has a glimpse of the untiring operation of his active mind, and can see as well how the powerful grasp of that swift and restless brain embraces the whole of any subject before the slower intellect has so much as reached it. Certainly there is no one, at home or abroad, but knows that face, a face so easy to caricature that there is no insult of the pencil which has not been offered it, but out of which a great artist could work splendors. Seen from a distance, one must acknowledge the force of the caricatures; but look at it across the car; see the line of the massive jaw, the profile as distinct as an eagle's, the head like the head of one of Plutarch's heroes, see the face light up with a thought as if there were a flame behind it, and you will confess that its very ugliness is a magnificent sort of beauty. You have seen him represented as an enormous bug with knobby eyes that "look before and after," etchings have made strange likenesses between him and the biggest bulldog of the puddle, his face has been refracted at terrible angles in the bowls of spoons; but you never saw him represented as anything but a power. A nature faithful through fire, an indomitable will, an untamable spirit, and a mind like a torch throwing light on everything it approaches. This man, it is plain to see, is the mouthpiece of no aristocracy, of no clique—he represents the people and the rights of man; a Mirabeau, but not a demagogue; of infinite resource, dauntless, in his element when in a fight, with no reverence for king or kaiser, shaking off obsequy as a Newfoundland dog shakes off water-drops, and who, in his own fastnesses, whipped Yellow Jack. One loves power, see it where one will, and if there is any evil to be said of this man, we can leave it to Mr. Bingham to say.

And here he comes to say it, the buoyant and bathetic, as some one calls him—a graceful, slender gentleman, somewhat aged, somewhat dandified, not at all ill-looking, and with a mouth acquainted with mellifluous sentences. He is very pale, and of late has been but poorly in health—ill-disposed people say that it is because in the reburial of Mrs. Surtratt her ghost has gotten above ground; but he sits down beside his arch accuser, and they take a pinch of snuff together and enjoy a joke, and to look at them you would never guess of the horrible shadow that hangs between them.

Here a young colored man springs upon the step and enters, and one person after another greets him and touches the hat to him. He pauses for a sentence with the one who first solved the great problem of emancipation by pronouncing his people contraband of war, before he goes forward to his place. The pretty Southern damsel beside where he sits, nursed at the breast and dandied in the arms of a colored woman, draws away her skirts now from any contact with his garments; and it would make no difference at all to her if any one told her it was Sella Martin, an African preacher of great metaphysical acumen and soul-piercing eloquence, whose poorest thoughts soar far above her best.

This personage, who has beckoned the dark divine to a seat, is one of whom popular rumor would lead us to expect no such courtesy. If indeed we believed all the reports we hear, we should expect to see a face interlined with sub-



the craft and reckless evil; but Fernando Wood's aspect is as irreproachable as that of any priest; he has a pair of bright gray eyes, and he wears a great gray mustache, and to all appearance he is the very type of solid and elegant respectability.

Now the car stops to take in fresh passengers, a pair of striking-looking men; the one, General Banks, with the least suspicion of the gray of old sprinkled on his dark hair since his picture became familiar to us all, but, young or old, the very exemplar of deportment; the other John Logan, as somebody whispers it is, a person of very peculiar face, once remarkably handsome, now prematurely furrowed, so that you would deem him beyond fifty, when he is not yet forty, having entered the Mexican war when numbering only fifteen years. In his eye, as black as ink, and as brilliant as a coal of fire, in the dark skin, the high cheek bones and the black hair hanging round them, there lurks, one would say, a trait of the Indian ancestry which his name suggests, and which is again apparent in his character, as his fellow-Congressmen are said to believe. He seems to wear the golden badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, and to display it a little pardonably, as it is a sort of expression of the manner in which he is idolized by the West, being the delegate at large from a whole State, with the unexampled majority of nearly fifty thousand—although here he is valued not much above his proper standard. Nature gifted him with a tremendous voice that made the welkin ring, and it is naturally enough that he thinks himself designed thereby for oratory; in his campaigning he has squandered this voice, so that now it can scarcely fill a room; but one can easily see the infectious effect on a throng which, in passionate times, a man of such interesting exterior would have when thundering his spread-eagles.

It is a very different sort of man that rises now from his repose and exchanges some sentences with General Banks. The fashion of his clothes, the cut of his gray whisker, his lordly manner, and dictatorial voice, his every guise and gesture, are the unadulterated English. If he addressed a single good-morning to so insignificant an individual as yourself, you could not help feeling that you had had the freedom of the city in a gold box conferred upon you. He is a large-statured man, with a sad face, which unavoidably you are led to study. It would be quite excusable if that face were lighted by a ray of triumph, for it is not twenty years since this man stood alone in the Senate, browbeaten, ridiculed, insulted, but never abating his purpose; and now he has driven his oppressors out, and he reigns there supreme. Mr. Sumner has a right to more than common dignity, if not some arrogance, for, just re-elected to complete twenty-four years of public service, he is, perhaps, the only man in all the political world who can honestly say that he has never lifted his finger in his own behalf; he has made no speeches personal to himself, nor uttered any appeals; a begging or explanatory statement he has never set his hand to; he has done no electioneering, run no offices, pulled no wires; he has obtained all that he has obtained by pure weight of character.

But as the car has trundled along, one has left, and another has joined, its usual goodly company; and among a parcel of obscure faces that tell their own tale of having done nothing in the history of the world, there are still a few others that fascinate your curiosity. An utterly different character and custom from that of Mr. Sumner must distinguish this individual on whom your eye rests now; you have only to glance at him in order to detect that his whole life has been one long series of electioneering; thin and small of person very nearly within the last degree, his face is a hieroglyph of diplomacy; the military sentry, who for four years has paced to and fro before the door of his residence, will tell you all about the ugly scar on that face—a face as sharp as a hatchet, and which seems to have attained that sharpness only in splitting hairs. He has a suave manner, this man—that of one accustomed to carry his point by the gentle manoeuvre; he has had to contend with great odds, the whole Masonic fraternity hating him, his co-workers distrusting his cunning, daily journals denouncing him as one conducting affairs in the interest of private jobs. But he has been one of the greatest foreign secretaries this country has ever known, and every one, if the truth were told, has a little corner of good-feeling and sympathy for Mr. Seward, since he rides the hobby of national aggrandizement—America for the Americans, a continental union with outlying dependencies; and there is hardly one of us whom the idea, whether our conscience and our judgment approve or not, does not silently tickle in the core of the heart.

This last comer, apparently something of a stranger in the place, takes his seat quietly, and is hardly likely to observe Mr. Seward. It would not be odd if there were a slight antipathy between them. Mr. Motley owes the other 'one,' which rumor says he shall soon have the opportunity of repaying. Still, with the expression of his pleasant face, he does not look like a person to cherish a grudge; on the contrary, there is something friendly in his appearance: a tall, spare man, scrupulously well dressed, with bold features, a clear cool eye, and a bit of iron-gray beard on the cheek, yet not at all resembling the ideal which every one would form of him in connection with the youthful freshness and exuberance of his style of writing. Mr. Seward, however, must survey him with much complacency, for he was recently the occasion to that gentleman of a startling discovery in diplomacy. Henceforward if, for any reason not sufficient to the world, a Minister is to be removed, his chief has nothing to do but to invent a McCracken, a complete, non-existent, automatic letter-writer, and the thing is done.

On his way to the Supreme Court, the pockets of his coat stuffed with protruding papers, silently absorbed in thought or speaking with abruptness when addressed, there sits another

individual who attracts your attention. It is the face of one man in ten thousand—Caleb Cushing's, full of pure intellectuality. He has a fine portly presence of his own, he looks at you out of a pair of keen and splendid eyes, and he still possesses remnants of the great personal beauty for which, in his youth, he was remarkable. He is the last of the old statesmen; he has had a part in all the scenes that we call history; he was the compeer of Webster and Clay and Crittenden and Calhoun. Accustomed to the formula of thought which great men use, one would not wonder if he looked but contemptuously on the fevered measures and boyish ecstasies and advocacies of little men. Thoroughly acquainted with modern languages and literature, an encyclopedia of medieval history and ancient learning, a master of the science of government, as old as the century and one of its conspicuous figures, but one thing is wanting to make this man the chief of all the crowd of dignitaries to be met in this street-car to-day: he does not believe in the people—they are to him a brute mob, not the first impelling force of an immense machinery; worsted in one contest, he does not fall back upon them and gather fresh strength for another; and to him it is only the idlest of all shibboleths that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

But here the car stops, and we leave it with everybody else, richer in our portrait gallery it may be, and puzzled not a little by scenes of amity which we have witnessed between people whom report had led us to believe as hostile to each other as the opposite poles.

## Tiger Hunting in Siberia.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

Author of "Camp Fire and Cotton Field."

TIGER-HUNTING in Siberia? Is it possible that they hunt tigers in that country, which is generally supposed to be the home of the white bear and the Arctic fox? Yes, they hunt tigers in Siberia, and sometimes the tigers hunt the Siberians, and with very good success.

Along the whole extent of the Altai Mountains the tiger ranges further to the north than in any other part of the world. Very often he is found as near the pole as fifty-three degrees north latitude, and sometimes he feeds upon the flesh of the white bear, the sable, and the Arctic seal. In the valley of the Amoor one may hunt the tiger and the reindeer in the same forests, and not only hunt them, but find them. A Cossack hunter told me of one day finding a tiger lying dead near a powerful deer that was so torn by the claws of the tiger that he could have lived but a few hours. The tiger had evidently attacked him with the intention of securing a venison breakfast. The deer in his struggles had thrown off his assailant, and then struck him in the head with his fore feet. The deer can deliver a tremendous blow with his fore feet, and as his hoofs are sharp, they can crush any ordinary skull that comes in their way. My friend put the deer out of his misery, and secured the skin of the tiger as a trophy of his day's hunting. The skin of the tiger was sent to St. Petersburg, where it is preserved in the Museum of Natural History, along with the antlers of the deer that made such a gallant fight.

The Siberian tiger is of the same species as the royal Bengal tiger, and attains a size equal to that of his Bengalese brethren, though he wears a thicker and warmer coat. The habits of the two are pretty much the same; the Siberian tiger has no home or abiding-place, but wanders about the forest in a very Micawberish mood, waiting for something to turn up. Sometimes a tiger that has become known by peculiar marks is seen at places two or three hundred miles apart in a few weeks or months, and sometimes he adheres with considerable persistence to an area of a half dozen square miles. When married and on good terms with his spouse, he is less migratory in his tastes than when single; in this respect he is not altogether unlike man, whom he aims to eat, if not to imitate. The valley of the Amoor is so thickly peopled that the tiger does not come so closely in contact with the inhabitants as he does in the southern part of Asia. There is an abundance of game in the forest, and consequently the tiger preys upon man rather as a luxury than as a necessity. If he happens when hungry to meet an unarmed man, he kills him, and satisfies his appetite. When once he has tasted human flesh, he ever after displays a preference for it. The same is the case with the Bengal tiger, who frequently obtains a reputation as a man-eater.

The natives along the Amoor have a superstitious dread of the tiger. The remains of a man who has been killed by one of these beasts are buried without ceremony, and the subject of his death is rarely mentioned; it is believed that he has offended the Evil Spirit, and the tiger was sent to kill him by way of punishment. These natives, the aborigines, never hunt the tiger, though sometimes, when they find a young whelp, they rear it carefully, and worship it as a superior being, until it dies of old age.

The Russian settlers on the Amoor have no reverence for the tiger, and hunt him without mercy; they pursue him quite as earnestly as do certain individuals in New York and Baden-Baden, and often in the same way. They are equally expert at fighting the tiger, in its literal and metaphorical sense, which can hardly be said of the knights of the green cloth and fero-table.

One pleasant afternoon in October I was on the steamer Ingodah, ascending the Amoor, on my way toward the capital of Eastern Siberia. It was one of those hazy days of the beginning of the Indian Summer in that region, when the sky, the river, the meadows and the hills looked their loveliest and made me doubt

if we were really in Siberia. There was not a breath of air stirring; the river was smooth as a mirror, and reflected its whole bordering of meadow and forest with a fidelity that art can rarely imitate. On the northern side the forest came close to the river bank along a narrow meadow that seemed crowded against a line of rounded hills. On the southern, or Mongolian shore, there were wide stretches of meadow covered with luxuriant grass, and away beyond them a forest of elms and sycamores that terminated in a range of low mountains clothed in coniferous trees, and set in a rocky background of snowclad peaks. There was "an infinite blue" above, that all the tinge of an Italian sky could not excel.

I sat on the bridge between the wheels of the steamer, and enjoyed a cigar with the young staff officer who was my *compagnon du voyage*. He had been several years in the Siberian service, and was then returning, on account of the death of his father, to his birthplace near St. Petersburg. He made many inquiries about America, and especially of New York and Washington, and hoped some time to be able to visit the New World. As we were facing the Mongolian shore, and I was endeavoring to give him a picture of Broadway, which then lay almost under our feet, he sprang from his chair and gazed intently into the tall grass that covered the meadow.

"What is it?" I asked in French.

"Tigre! Tigre!" he replied, as he left the bridge and hastened to bring his rifle from our cabin.

I ran below, too, but not for my rifle, as I had none. I brought up my field-glass and surveyed the shore. There in the grass was a huge tiger, moving slowly and half-defiantly away, now and then casting his head to one side and surveying us with an air of carelessness. Our steamer was moving in his direction, but was not near enough to endanger him, as he apparently knew. As we swerved to turn the bend of the river, my friend fired, but with no other effect than to cause the tiger to turn sharp around for a moment, and then renew his sullen walk. We then started the steamer's whistle, which had more effect in alarming the beast, who quickened his walk to a gallop and disappeared in the forest.

Of course, the incident led to stories about tigers, and we whiled away a portion of the evening in narrating incidents of a more or less personal character. An officer, who was temporarily our fellow-passenger, on his way to one of the Cossack posts, a few miles above, gave an account of his experience with a tiger on the Onussee, one of the tributaries of the Amoor.

I was out (said he), on a survey that we were making on behalf of the government to establish the boundary between Russia and China. The country was then less known than now; there were no settlements along the river, and with the exception of the villages of the natives, thirty or forty miles apart, the whole country was a wilderness. At one village we were warned that a large tiger had within a month killed two men and attacked a third, who was saved only by the sudden and unexpected appearance of a party of friends. We prepared our rifles and pistols, to avoid the possibility of their missing fire in case of an encounter with the man-stealing beast. Rather reluctantly some of the natives consented to serve us as guides to the next village. We generally found them ready enough to assist us, as we paid pretty liberally for their services, and made love to all the young women that the villages contained. With an eye to a successful campaign, I laid in a liberal supply of trinkets to please these aboriginals, and found that they served their purposes admirably. So the natives were almost universally kind to us, and their reluctance to accompany us on this occasion showed the great fear they entertained of the tiger.

We were camped on the bank of the Onussee, about ten miles from the village, and passed the night without disturbance. In the morning, while we were preparing for breakfast, one of the natives went a few hundred yards away, to a little pond near, where he thought it possible to spear some salmon. He waded out till he was immersed to his waist, and then with his spear raised, stood motionless as a statue for several minutes. Suddenly he darted the spear into the water and drew out a large salmon, which he threw to the shore, and then resumed his stationary position. In twenty minutes he took three or four salmon, and then started to return to camp. Just as he climbed the bank and had gathered his fish, a large tiger darted from the underbrush near by, and sprang upon him as a cat would spring upon a mouse.

Stopping not a moment, the tiger ran up the hillside and disappeared. I was looking toward the river just as the tiger sprang upon him, and so were two of the natives; we all uttered a cry of astonishment, and were struck motionless for an instant, though only for an instant. The unfortunate man did not struggle with the beast, and as the latter did not stop to do more than seize him, I suspected that the fright and suddenness of the attack had caused a fainting fit. I and my Russian companion seized our rifles, and the natives their spears, and started in pursuit.

We tracked the tiger through the underbrush, partly by the marks left by his feet, but mainly by the drops of blood that had fallen from his victim. Going over a ridge, we lost the trail, and though we spread out and searched very carefully, it was nearly an hour before we could resume the pursuit. Every minute seemed an age, as we well knew that the tiger would thus gain time to devour his prey. Probably I was less agitated than the natives, but I freely and gladly admit that I have never had my nerves more unstrung than on that occasion, though I have been in much greater peril. We searched through several clumps of bushes, and examined several thickets, in the hope of finding where the tiger had concealed himself. The natives approached all these thickets with

fear and trembling, so that most of the searching was done by the Russian members of the party.

Just as we were beating around a little clump of bushes, fifteen or twenty yards across, my companion on the other side shouted:

"Look out; the tiger is preparing to spring upon you."

Instantly I cocked my rifle and fired into the bushes; they were so dense that I could hardly discern the outline of the beast, who had me in full view, and was crouching preparatory to making a leap. I called to my friend to shoot, as the density of the thicket made it very probable that my fire would be lost, by the ball glancing among the shrubbery. But my friend was in the same predicament, and I quickly formed a plan of operations.

We were both good shots, and I thought our safety lay in killing the beast as he rose in the air. Aiming at his head, I stepped slowly backward, and shouted to my friend to cover the tiger and shoot as he sprang. All this occurred in less time than I tell of it. Hardly had I stepped two paces backward when the tiger leaped toward me. As he rose, his throat was exposed for a moment, and I planted a bullet in his breast. Simultaneously a ball from the other rifle struck his side. We fired so closely together that neither of us heard the report of the other's weapon. The tiger gave a roar of agony, and despite the wounds he received, either of which would have been fatal, he completed his spring so nearly that he caught me by the foot and inflicted a wound that lamed me for several months and left permanent scars.

The natives, hearing the report of our rifles, came to our assistance, and so great was their reverence for the tiger, that they prostrated themselves before his quivering body, and muttered some words which I could not understand.

Though assured that the beast was dead, they hesitated to enter the thicket to search for the body of their companion and it was only on my leading the way that they entered it.

We found the remains of the poor native somewhat mutilated, though less so than I expected. There was no trace of suffering upon his features, and I was confirmed in my theory that he fainted the moment he was seized, and was not conscious afterward. His friends insisted upon burying the body where they found it, and said it was their custom to do so. They piled logs above the grave, and after the observance of certain pagan rites, to secure the repose of the deceased, they signified their readiness to proceed.

The tiger was one of the largest of his kind. I had his skin carefully removed, and sent it with my official report to St. Petersburg. A Chinese mandarin who met me near Lake Hinka offered me a high price for the skin, but I declined his offer, in order to show our Emperor what his Siberian possessions contained.

## ABORIGINAL SCULPTORS.

WHEN the writer visited Fort Simpson, on the Northwest coast, in the fall of 1867, he was struck by the ingenuity displayed by the Tsimshyan Indians, who abide at that place, in carving and all sorts of wood-work. The most noticeable features of this kind are the image-posts, which are planted before the houses of the chiefs and other celebrated savages, each original and peculiar to itself, many of them being also fantastically painted as well as carved. Some of the posts are of considerable size, one at Kiltichsun village, Skeeva river, being over fifty feet in height.

These grotesque pillars are carved from the trunks of straight cedar or pine trees—cedar, being softer and better for weathering, is generally selected. The timber is felled down from the forests and carved on the spot where it is to stand; the only tools used are small



ABORIGINAL TOOL.

adzes with hatchet-like handles, and knives very much like the half-moon style which blacksmiths use in paring the feet of horses.

When the work is finally completed, and each uncouth figure has been satisfactorily touched up with white, black, and vermilion, the ceremony of raising and setting it is gone through with; i. e., the friends and relatives of the party about to be distinguished by the monument come together and assist in planting it in its place at the front hole or door of the hut, a feast of grease and berries, and salmon and goat's flesh, together with a little forbidden fire-water, is partaken of, and ends the affair.

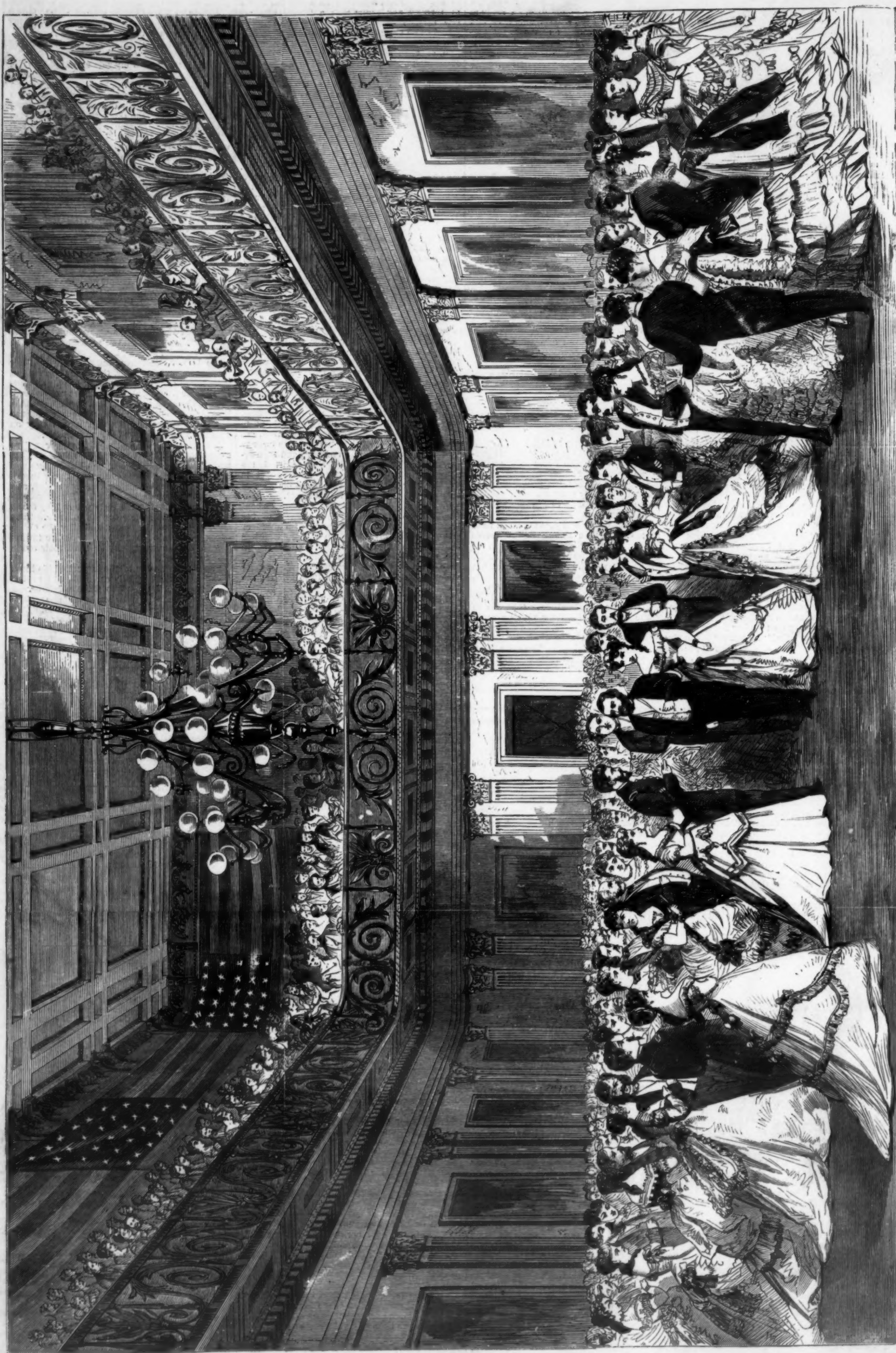
Our sketch was taken at Fort Simpson, and was selected from many others there on account of the peculiar elephantine appendage of one of the figures. Its owner could give no explanation of the meaning which the savage sculptor probably intended to convey.

A geological friend suggested that the Indian artist must have had some tradition fresh in his mind of the great extinct elephant or mammoth which roamed over this country ages ago.

It had been standing there over thirty years, and was in an excellent state of preservation.

Our view also represents one of the houses built on piles after the common usage of all the Indians of the Northwest coast. Indians are everywhere indolent, and these at Fort Simpson like to be as near the water at all seasons of the year as possible. The country is so rough and mountainous that very little traveling by land is done by the Indians—the thousand and one estuaries and canals formed by the outline of the coast furnish them with highways.





THE INAUGURATION BALL, TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE SCENE ON THE ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT GRANT AND HIS WIFE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 3.





THE AFRICAN RACE IN CONGRESS—HON. JOHN WILLIS MENARD ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEB. 27TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

**Hon. J. Willis Menard Addressing the National House of Representatives.**

WHEN, in December last, the Hon. John Willis Menard made his appearance at Washington, and urged his claim to a Congressional seat as the representative of a district in Louisiana, we published a portrait of the gentleman thus brought into notice as the first individual of African blood elected to the National Legislature. That portrait, and an illustration of the scene of his appearance on the floor of the House, were accompanied by a sketch of Mr. Menard's life; which, interesting in itself as an evidence of the capacity of his race to achieve distinction in the ordinary spheres of intellectual industry, became more important in view of his probable assumption of legislative functions.

On Saturday, 27th of February, the House discussed at length the contested case of Messrs.

**The First Reformed Church, New Brunswick, N. J., Rev. Richard H. Steele, D.D., Pastor.**

THE church edifice of the First Reformed (formerly Dutch) congregation of New Brunswick, New Jersey, is a noble old structure of rough stone, which was dedicated as long ago as September, 1812. It is the third church built by this congregation. The first was of wood, and erected about the year 1714, on what was then called Dutch Church street, now the corner of Burnet and Schureman streets. A second building was completed and occupied in the autumn of 1767, on Queen, now Nelson street, the site of the present edifice. This was a square, old-fashioned stone building, and stood for about forty-five

years. The corner-stone of the present church was laid July 6, 1811, and it was completed in a little over a year. It cost less than seventeen thousand dollars, though it is one of the largest churches in the State, and the most commodious in the city. In 1847 it was remodeled by lowering the galleries and erecting a new pulpit, and in 1862, by reseating and furnishing the entire edifice. Its dimensions are ninety-four feet in length, including the tower, which projects four feet, and sixty-six feet in breadth, and will comfortably seat eleven hundred persons. The dedication sermon was preached by the celebrated Rev. Dr. Livingston, from Ezekiel xlii. 12: "This is the law of the house. Upon the top of the mountain the whole limit round about shall be

most holy. Behold, this is the law of the house." All the presidents of Rutgers College, at New Brunswick, have been inaugurated in this building, and it has been the scene of most of the commencement exercises. This congregation was the earliest religious organization on the Raritan river, and in 1867 celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Its pastors have all been the most distinguished and learned men of the Reformed church. The number of members at this time is four hundred and seventy-five, and there are two hundred and fifty children in the Sunday-school.

It is now under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Richard H. Steele, D.D. He was born at Watervliet, New York, September 17, 1825. He graduated at Rutgers College in 1844, and at the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick in 1847. He was ordained, and settled over the Charlton Presbyterian church of Albany, where he re-



REV. RICHARD H. STEELE, D.D., NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. G. SCOTT.

Menard and Hunt, and, for the first time in the history of Congress, a colored man, in the person of Mr. Menard, was permitted to speak on the floor of the House of Representatives. His remarks, in behalf of his own claim, were delivered with fluency, self-possession, and not without quiet dignity, making a favorable impression on the members, and the audience in the galleries, who listened with attention and respect. An occasion so novel, and suggestive of so great a change, if not in the spirit, at least in the forms of our institutions, deserves to be recorded, as it is, in our gallery of illustrations of important national events.



ABORIGINAL SCULPTURE.—CARVED POSTS OF THE TRIMMHEYAN INDIANS, AT FORT SIMPSON, NORTH WEST COAST, NORTH AMERICA.—SEE PAGE 11.



FIRST REFORMED CHURCH, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., REV. RICHARD H. STEELE, D.D., PASTOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. G. SCOTT.

mained three years. After this he went to the First Presbyterian church at Ballston Spa, where he labored three years. He next went to the Reformed church at Nassau, Rensselaer county, New York. He continued in this pastorate for eleven years, until called to his present charge, where he was installed December 3, 1863, and has now been in it over five years. He received his degree of D.D. from Rutgers College in 1867. He is the author of an elaborate historical account of this church, delivered as a discourse at the time of celebration of its anniversary. In personal appearance, he is of the medium height, with an intellectual head, and a countenance



which beams with amiability and cheerfulness. He is a powerful thinker, a polished writer, and in social intercourse is noted for his genial manners and sympathetic heart.



## OR, THE STORY OF A LIFE.

By William Lackland.

[There is in course of publication in that most admirable of papers, THE NEW WORLD—a weekly literary publication—a romance of singular merit and exciting interest, under the above title. The story of RETRIBUTION is not confined wholly to Europe. It has also a home character which greatly adds to the strength of the denouement, and it cannot therefore fail to enlist the sympathies of the reader in the manner of the development of the incidents the author, with unapproachable invention and readiness of pen, places on his pages. That the readers of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER may feel interested in this STORY OF A LIFE, we present synopses of chapters One to Seven, inclusive, and in addition, full chapters commencing with a continuation of Seven.]

CHAPTER I.—The widow, Madame Madernier, the heroine of the story, is about to be joined in matrimony with the Viscount de St. Peyre, in the ancient cathedral of Digne, in France. On the wedding morning a throng of gossips, such as infest provincial towns, is collected on the steps of the old church, and the remarks that pass from mouth to mouth are not favorable to the character of the bride. She is accused by them of too close an intimacy with Mr. Edward Marly, a young and promising lawyer of the place, who, they say, had frequently met her by night in the park of the Madernier estate, which immediately adjoins Marly's residence. These meetings had occurred during the wedded life of Mr. Madernier, an aged millionaire whom the gossips allege, the young and beautiful Clara de Beljaj—such was the widow's maiden name—had married for the sake of his money only. An angry interview between the clandestine lovers had taken place very recently, and since then Marly had been gloomy and morose. The bridal party group around the main altar of the church, and Marly is seen to enter and take his seat near to the happy couple. A confessional box, close to the altar, and on the left of the bride and bridegroom, commands the scene, and as the ceremony proceeds, a face is noticed sitting across the open office of the box, the church being but dimly lighted. At the instant when the officiating grand vicar is asking the final question, and the bride is about to respond, she is observed to sink down from her kneeling posture at the clergyman's feet, and fall at full length upon the altar steps. Instantly caught up in the arms of her friends, she is found to be dying, a minute bullet wound in her temple indicating that she had been shot. But how? and by whom? No flash had been seen, no sound heard! The course of the wound indicates that the shot must have come from the direction of the confessional, and, on looking around, Marly is nowhere to be seen. Public rumor, recalling the circumstances already mentioned, accuses him at once of the murder. CHAPTER II. describes to us the arrival, at a period preceding the above events, of an artist, Maxime Gardani, by name, at Digne, and his mysterious visit of inspection to the neighborhood of the Madernier residence. CHAPTER III. brings to the afternoon parade and performance of the town-band on the boulevard of Digne a brilliant and interesting picture. The mysterious artist is there, and, as the lovely widow, Madame Madernier, drives up and alights from her carriage, he manages to secure a seat very near her. The band performs the *Vol d'Andorre*, and Gardani, at a certain passage, hums a strophe, of which the peculiar words cause the lady to start with agitation. A concealed recognition ensues—they are old friends!—and an interview is appointed. CHAPTER IV. traces Gardani's progress in popularity, and describes his manoeuvres in making capital with the good people of Digne. CHAPTER V. describes the inquest held upon the dead body of Madame Madernier in the cathedral. It is conducted according to French form, by a *juge d'instruction*, and a commissary of police, who examine witnesses and take depositions on the spot where the crime was committed. The wound in the temple of the deceased is probed, and a very diminutive bullet extracted, a wanderer, skilled in such matters, testifying that it would fit no other firearm than a kind of pistol manufactured at Liege, in Belgium, and known as the *parlor pistol*, employing fulminating powder and the percussion cap, and making but a very slight noise, so that the sound of a church-organ, or the hum of a ball-room, might prevent people in a crowd from hearing it, unless their attention were peculiarly active. Unintentionally, the witness lets fall the statement that the young lawyer, Marly, has a pair of such pistols, and frequently practices with them. Upon this, Marly is arrested and confronted with the dead body. His momentary agitation seems to confirm the suspicions that every one now feels, and his replies concerning his pistols, and their peculiar efficacy, deepen the impression. He swoons at the inquest, and is, at once, sent to prison. CHAPTER VI.—The judge and commissary make a descent on Marly's office, and there find not only a pistol exactly like that described at the inquest, but a place for target-shooting in the garden, with evidence of recent constant practice on Marly's part. Moreover, the bullet taken from the murdered lady's brain exactly fits the weapon. Another such pistol is found at Marly's residence, with boxes of caps to match, and three letters, conclusive of the most intimate relations between the young lawyer and Madame Madernier. CHAPTER VII. recounts the story of Marly's early acquaintance with Madame Madernier, whom he had known in his boyhood, while she still bore her maiden name, Clara de Beljaj. Meeting at a picnic, in after years, they had renewed their childish acquaintance, which had ripened into love so demonstrative as to set the evil tongues of Digne in motion. At length, Marly, about to return to Paris to resume his law studies, proposes marriage. Clara puts him off, promising that she shall find her on his return, a year later. Clara, corrupted by a vain motto, had profited nothing by her boarding-school life, and was now a mere fortune-hunter. When Marly returns to Digne, burning to meet her, he finds her the wife of an aged millionaire, Mr. Madernier, whose property adjoins his own. In his despair he avoids her, until she, piqued at the neglect of her former lover, determines to recall him, and ventures down, late at night, to the wall of her park, which is close to Marly's residence. She throws missiles against the shutters of his bedroom window, and he looks out. She warmly avows her continued love for him, and he, falling into the snare, makes an appointment to meet her on the ensuing night.

### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Well, sir," resumed Clara, with the tone of voice of a spoiled child, who wants to get something, "you are vexed with me, then, since you don't see fit to answer. And there I thought that in coming to you I should render you a great service, so that you would pardon what has passed."

"What has passed? What has passed?" exclaimed Marly, with bitterness. "Oh! speak of it no more, Clara; it is a mournful detail that haunts me night and day!"

"Then you still love me, Edward? Ah! if you only knew! I could not do otherwise. I will tell you all, and you will see how I have suffered, how I revolved against this marriage—I who would have given up everything in order to become your wife!"

"Then they did barter you away? They sacrificed you to this old man?" queried the impassioned dupe, with an outburst of tenderness and pity.

"You well know, Edward, that my family was poor and embarrassed—oh, frightfully embarrassed! Such was the weapon they employed in order to wring consent from me, and excepting my remembrance of you, the only consolation that has remained to me since my marriage is that of having made my people happy by marrying a man whom I could not love, because I—because—I was yours!"

"You love me, then, Clara! You love me still!" said Marly, with intense feeling.

"Love you! You are my only solace—my delight! Ah, and you have made me suffer again by avoiding my presence as though you hated me; or, worse still, as though you despised me—I who all this while have been sighing for your return, weeping to have you near me!"

"Oh! Clara! Clara! repeat those words of happiness, and my heart, that has been so tortured, will no longer bleed!"

"Unkind! Then you could really believe that I had forgotten you? Did you not receive my vows and my first kisses? Edward, you wronged me in the thought, and showed that, after all, you knew me but little!"

"Pardon me, Clara; I was demented! The news of your marriage had turned my head, and if I avoided you, it was that I might not see you, leaning upon the arm of another," and with these words a heavy sigh escaped the speaker's lips.

"But, do you think, Edward," resumed Madame Madernier—"do you think that I am absolved from my vows to you? Never! I am another's wife, but my heart is yours, and yours only. My life is a torture every day, and if you do not come to my assistance, if you will no longer love me, I feel that I must soon die."

"Clara! do not speak so despairingly. What would you have me do? Will you fly with me to the end of the world?"

"Ah! the end of the world is, for me, this garden; and I am only too happy if I can but see you here. But it is late, Edward, and my absence may be noticed. To-morrow, then, expect me at eleven. You can make an opening through the hedge, and thus we may converse without fear of being overheard. To-morrow, Edward!"

"To-morrow, dearest Clara!" responded the young man, wild with joy, as he watched the graceful outline of Madame Madernier's figure, until it disappeared.

Completely taken in by this little piece of acting, Marly slept none that night. All his lover's resentment had melted, like ice in the sun, in the burning breath of the passion which the false words and the promise of the woman he found it impossible to forget, had revived. He was up long before dawn; but this time, it was not to defy bad weather and fatigue in the effort to drive away troublesome thoughts.

That evening, at eleven o'clock, Clara kept her promise, and they met through a gap formed in the hedge by cutting out a whole bush in such a way that it could be lifted from its place and set back again entire. She looked as she had expected, only the more eager to meet her, because she had thought her lost to him forever. From that time forth, these visits were frequently renewed, sometimes at one hour, and sometimes at another.

In the latter part of December, however, Marly learned from Clara's own lips, that Madernier was about to take his wife to Paris, and that in the ensuing spring they would visit Switzerland and Italy before returning to Digne. The prospect of this separation was worse to Marly on the ensuing day, than on the evening when he first heard of it. The siren was still there, and he saw but her; but when she had left him, not to return, as she was to start on the trip in three days, anxiety succeeded to happiness.

This was the date to which the first of the three letters found by the judge went back. Clara, in it, replied to Edward, who implored her to stay, that the trip was not in her control, and that he must be resigned to what could not be avoided. A few months passed apart would not be so long after all, and she would return in the summer.

To shorten the weariness of her absence, Marly had, at this period, organized his office as an attorney opening business. In the month of June of the following year, the news was suddenly spread through the town that Mr. Madernier had been drowned during an excursion on the Lake of Geneva.

Shortly afterward, the widow returned to Digne. However, she remained there only a few days, and was so overwhelmed with visits, that Edward contented himself for the time being with merely writing to her. While awaiting her reply, he learned that Clara had secretly left for Nice. At first this seemed strange; but, upon reflection, he thought that he could guess why she had not notified him of her departure. Where is the lover who ever fails to have at his command a shining varnish with which to gloss over any of the acts of the woman he loves?

The widow's absence at Nice lasted until the ensuing February, and it was upon her return that she sent Marly the letter announcing the "resumption of the habits of the past."

These habits were, in fact, resumed; but in the numerous interviews that ensued, there never was anything said by Clara or Edward in reference to future marriage. "Since she loves me," reasoned the young lawyer, "the hour will come, sooner or later, when we shall be united forever. I have but to wait until she gives me occasion to renew the proposition. Were she so poor as before, I should speak first, but now she has a couple of millions, and will understand why I keep silent."

### CHAPTER VIII.—A TANGLED WEB.

WHILE Marly was, not without some show of reason, nursing himself with the brightest hopes, Madame Madernier was coolly laying her plans to secure the Viscount de Saint Peyre for her second husband. The viscount combined not only the charms of a handsome person, but also a large fortune and nobility of the old stock. Formerly well informed, beforehand, in reference to the character of the viscount, Clara soon managed to have his interest in her aroused, and then to count him among her acquaintances. It was only under that title that he could be admitted to Madame Madernier's villa; so soon as he should be numbered with her intimate friends, the widow relied upon her own skill to bring him a suppliant to her feet.

Two months sufficed to carry this neat enterprise to a consummation. At the end of that time, the viscount, perfectly delighted with having discovered in Clara a pearl of wit and beauty, entered the matrimonial lists to tilt for her, and bore her off from all competitors. On the very day when he asked her to be his, Madame Madernier broke definitively with her neighbor Marly.

This time it was impossible for Marly not to open his eyes to the light forced in upon them by the news of Madame Madernier's second marriage, and he at once committed to paper all the suggestions of his jealousy and his anger. Clara answered him with the advice contained in the third letter, appealing, finally, to the innate delicacy of her old lover, so as to have nothing more to fear from him.

Marly, like a sensitive plant, writhed by the hand that touches it, shrank back into himself, devouring his grief in silence. Through excess of delicacy, even more than through self-love, he abstained from any change in his usual habits, lest the gossips should have occasion to renew their scandal about Madame Madernier.

It was after the rupture with her that he had carried one of his two pistols to his office. The pistol was intended to afford amusement to such friends as might call, and, at the same time, a pretext for avoiding any extended conversation touching the widow of the millionaire.

As the reader will remark, no thought of vengeance had yet sprung to life in the mind of Marly. Nevertheless, a fortnight later, he was locked up in the prison at Digne, on suspicion of being Clara's mur-

derer, and scarcely had the authorities commenced an investigation, ere they found proof against him so material as to endanger his safety.

This review of his life, which it has taken us so long to write, was made by him mentally, in a few minutes, and he at once recognized all the horror of his position.

"May God have mercy on me!" he exclaimed, rising in bed.

The doctor, who had staid by him, endeavored to offer some consolation.

"Thanks, doctor!" he said, grasping the physician's hand. "Can you guess what I was thinking of at that moment? Of the execution of Isabotte, who was guillotined at Digne, and who said to the crowd assembled around his scaffold, 'Brethren, I die innocent. May God protect you from the justice of man!'"

### CHAPTER IX.—THE VISCOUNT DE SAINT PEYRE.

THOSE lucky natures that have never had more to do than to stretch forth their hands to receive the good fortune that hastens to seek them in all the most seducing forms, morally resemble those old coquettes, who, at forty-five, imagine that they are still beautiful, because once they were so. The Viscount de Saint Peyre was an illustration of this truth.

Before he saw his bride fall fatally wounded at the foot of the altar, he had never known mortification and grief, so far as he, at least, was concerned. When he sometimes chanced to hear a sad story told, he listened to it as one listens to a legend of the Middle Ages, or reads some marvelous adventure without ever reflecting that such incidents might be repeated in the course of any day's existence.

He had reached his thirtieth year, not by forcing his way (as so many others have done) along the current of life, but by letting himself drift with it. Until then he had felt no other ambition than to be his own master absolutely, and had refused to assume any livery or occupy any public post whatever. With such a fortune and a name as his, he had seen every door open freely to him. Since attaining the age of twenty, he had lived during eight months of the year at Paris, and four months in the provinces or abroad, scattering the bright hours of his youth a little on all sides, and everywhere caroused, peited, and beloved.

At Digne, when people wished to express the sum-total of felicity in a few words, they did not say "happy as a king," as they do elsewhere, but "happy as the Viscount de Saint Peyre."

Strange, and, perhaps, incredible to the reader, yet nevertheless quite true, is the fact that the viscount had not a single enemy in his native place. Even when he was absent, no one had anything to say against him. This was partly because his purse was always at the service of any one who called upon him. His special manner of being agreeable to people was to give them his money, or to use his influence in their favor, and he even dispensed with offering them the smallest particle of advice.

At the period when Madame Madernier returned to Nice, the viscount was not yet at Digne, whither he came, however, a month later, to take his place, like a good son, beside the pillow of his father, who was then suffering from rheumatism.

During the first two weeks he showed himself but very little away from home. This did not, however, prevent him from being thoroughly posted concerning the rumors of the little town. Madame Madernier happened to be on the tapis just at that moment, in consequence of the suitors without number whom she was reputed to have recently dismissed. By dint of hearing the name of the widow constantly repeated, with varied accompaniments of either extravagant praise or malicious detraction, he gradually felt springing up in his own breast the wish to see this marvelous piece of elegance thus buried in the seclusion of a country house.

It was on the way to church that the viscount found himself, for the first time, face to face with Madame Madernier. Like a man familiar with provincial usages, he bowed, although there never had been any relations between the Beljaj family and his own. The charming mourning-dress worn by the widow, her graceful figure, and, above all, the radiance of two large black eyes, which flashed on him for a moment, set the viscount to thinking. He was not usually subject to that disease which besets so many dreamers, and in which consists in reproducing, little by little, in his brain, the image of the woman whom he has just been admiring for an instant. Nevertheless, in spite of himself, this was precisely the mood into which he now fell. From that moment his star began to decline, for he was planning how to make the widow's acquaintance.

Monsieur de Saint Peyre had that high opinion of himself so becoming to men naturally independent and careless, and which detracts in no wise from their good qualities. In trifling closer to Madame Madernier, like the moth to the candle, he never thought him that he might singe his wings. He fancied himself beyond the serious passion, it had occurred to him so often to give his heart for three months, and even for six, and to take it back again without feeling any worse for it!

With an admirer whose mind was in this condition, all the coqueries of look and attitude that Madame Madernier put forth could not fail to succeed up to a certain point. The viscount started out with liking her for not having failed to recognize his merit as a good-looking man; and, then, his own self-conceit coming in to second the skill of the widow, he easily persuaded himself that he had made an impression upon her which she could not conceal. From that point to a certain real sympathy for this provincial beauty, whom he had subjugated at first sight, the distance was not great. Love does not always summon love; but it rarely happens that, in circumstances like those we have sketched, love does not call toward it the person who is loved, or seems to be.

When Monsieur de Saint Peyre, desirous as he was of bestowing the healing balm of his presence upon the hapless lady who seemed to have no eyes for any one but him, made up his mind to call upon Madame Madernier for the first time, his feet were already slipping on the flowery and imperceptible downward declivity of real passion.

The reception extended to him was such as to invite his coming thither again, often, very often; and one fine morning, he was thoroughly surprised to discover that he was restless, nay, even discontented, everywhere but in the fair widow's presence. During the following week, the slight illness of Madame Madernier, and her closed doors, revealed to him the fact that he was really in love, and that, too, like the merest schoolboy, for he lost all appetite for meat or drink.

Far from being distressed by this discovery, he felt quite proud of it. Was not the woman he loved worth far more than all those who had figured on the long list of his conquests? She must certainly be so, since by her beauty and her wit she had been able to completely change him—him, the man of whims and fancies *par excellence*—and had even converted him suddenly to thoughts of matrimony and eternal union to one woman.

The father of the viscount did, indeed, conjure up some objections when the enamored young man plainly told him that he loved and wished to marry the widow. Mr. Madernier had made his wealth in the colonial produce trade, and, therefore, was not the kind of husband to whom a Saint Peyre, a descendant of the Crusaders, should feel very proud to succeed. But the viscount combated this difficulty with a victorious argument.

"I love her," he said. "What difference does it make to me that she has lived a year with a person named Madernier? A woman like her does not descend to the level of the man she marries. She raises him up to her height; and, then, she was called Clara de Beljaj before she became a wife."

Delighted with having won the day, the viscount hurried to Madame Madernier, confessed his love—which, by-the-way, had long been no secret to the widow—and was at the pinnacle of his desires when he obtained the hand he had just solicited. Preparations for the wedding were made at once; both were in haste, although for different reasons, and the very day after the expiration of the year's mourning, of which, according to Margery the gossip, there were

yet eleven days to expire, they went together to the cathedral.

The murder of Madame Madernier was like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky to the viscount. On issuing from the church, his friends had desired to conduct him of once to his home, but he resisted all their supplications. Even his father and his uncle failed to persuade him. He persisted, on the contrary, in following the dead to what had been her villa; and when Madame Madernier, decked out for the tomb by her aunt and her friend, the Countess Albavini, had been placed upon a sarcophagus, improvised in the front parlor, which was converted into a mourning chapel for the time being, he knelt beside the corpse. Without saying one word, without shedding a tear, he passed the remainder of the day and night in the same attitude, and almost motionless. He seemed to be watching for the reawakening of the widow, upon whose pale face his dry and burning eyes continued fixed. The intense anxiety depicted in his own countenance was distressing to behold. Insensible to physical pain, so completely was the nerves of a human body, at certain moments, withstand anything by becoming stiff and hard like steel, he came to himself only in the morning, when he heard the grave, and voice of the priest reciting the prayers for the dead.

In the same attire that he had worn on the preceding day, and pale as the corpse they were bearing to its last rest, he slowly walked behind the coffin, the whole way from the house so lately dwelt in by her he loved, to the chapel of the cemetery.

The good people of Digne wept hot tears when they saw the grief of their favorite. The viscount's father stood near him, lest, in his bewilderment, he should throw himself into the grave. But there was no attempt at anything of that kind. It seemed as though the viscount was totally unconscious of the solemnity of the rite taking place before his eyes.

He saw the coffin lowered into the grave. He even mechanically besprikled it with the brush which a chorister placed in his hand, but the muscles of his face betrayed no emotion. The first shovelful of earth thrown in by the grave-diggers fell one by one upon the coffin, yielding that dull, heart-breaking sound which announces that all is over, but the viscount never winced, and the grave was half-filled while he still stood there in the same spot, gazing directly forward into vacancy. His father, who felt every fibre of his heart lacerated by this stony look, far more dangerous, as it is, than sobs and cries, then endeavored to coax him away, and seized him in his arms.

This strong pressure seemed to have upon the viscount all the effect of a vigorous blow applied to the cheek of a somnambulist whom one desires to waken. He disengaged himself abruptly from the arms that were wound about him, staggered back a few steps, and then, with eyes starting from their sockets, cast around him one long, earnest look of intense amazement. But the spark of reason had returned to it. Not a cry, not a word issued from his lips. He merely lifted up his arms, drew a deep, hard breath, like a man who is suffocating, and sank down helpless on the newly-turned earth of the grave.

Instant help was extended to him. He had not lost consciousness, but he could not rise to his feet. Nature was avenging herself for the long effort she had been compelled to make. The patient was, finally, taken home in a carriage, and the physician declared his condition to be dangerous in the extreme.

### CHAPTER X.—THE DEPARTURE OF THE ARTIST.

ON the day after the burial of Madame Madernier Maxime Gardani, who had also accompanied the funeral procession, merely as a looker-on, attracted by curiosity, began to make his preparations for leaving Digne, where, as he remarked, he had nothing more to do. When his man-of-all-work gave it out that the painter would depart on the morrow, and that his place was already engaged in the diligence, the numerous acquaintances he had managed to make in the place in less than three weeks vied with each other for the honor of having him with them for the few hours of the last evening he should spend there.

This cordiality on the part of the leading families in Digne had more in it than mere sympathy for the engaging stranger; there was, also, a certain amount of gratitude, to which Gardani was well entitled. Besides his pencil-sketches, he had made three portraits—that of the judge's wife, that of the mayor's wife, and that of the wife of the postmaster. Yet of payment he would not hear.

"Portraits are not in my line," he said to the judge, who insisted upon giving him something for his trouble. "I am a historical painter, properly speaking, and rich enough, thank heaven! not to charge for these little sketches. In this matter it is I who am under obligations."

After this explanation the judge had nothing more to say, and as Gardani did quite as well by the rest and would take nothing, the high opinion of him entertained by the public proportionately increased.

His last evening was given to the judge. Still faithful to the system of self-denial that he had seemed to pursue since his arrival at Digne, in order to captivate the good-will of the town-folk, he so greatly surpassed himself that evening, in amiability and cordial humor, that, upon parting, most of the guests promised to come and bid him good-by at the door of the diligence. One must have lived in the provincial districts in order to judge, by this promise, how far Gardani had progressed in the esteem of everybody. Although he may not have read the "*Marquis de Loto-rietas*," he had all the supple adroitness of Eugene Sue's personage known by that name.

Notwithstanding the late hour at which he had left the city, Gardani entered the *Petit Paris* hotel, only to leave it again almost immediately and return to the boulevard, down which he proceeded with rapid steps. There was no one on the promenade. The judge's guests, who had all departed immediately after he did, had gone directly home, and there was no one to see whether he went or how he came. At the lower end of the boulevard he halted, as though uncertain what course to take. This was but for a moment, however, and he was speedily in motion again, along the road he had followed on the morning of his arrival at Digne.

At the end of the dike, he leaped down into the Madernier park. The rays of the moon played through the foliage, throwing a broad light on the avenue in the middle of the woods, along which he advanced. And had any one been watching him, the observer would have been surprised to see him stop in the thicket of the mulberries, and carefully examine each tree, as though he was searching for a hole, a fissure in the bark, or some other place of concealment. At length, he appeared to have found what he wanted, for he twice thrust his hand into the pocket of his sack and extended it again toward the tree in front of him. Then, turning toward the house, he gazed at the front of it for a moment. There was no sign of light in the windows, and no one could have seen him.

Gardani then returned to the main avenue, and in a quarter of an hour was back in his room at the hotel.

At three o'clock on the next day, the worthy people of Digne kept their promise. Ten or twelve of them, the judge at their head, crowded around the diligence. The artist exchanged a goodly number of cordial greetings and pressures of the hand, and when the postillion cracked his whip, the question was who should shout to him the loudest: "A pleasant journey to you, Mr. Gardani! Come back next year to the baths."

The artist was alone in the *coupe* of the diligence, which contained three places, and so soon as the vehicle had passed beyond the outskirts of the town, a complete transformation came over him. The smiling, affable person of a few minutes before became suddenly gloomy and abstracted.

His traveling hat in his hand, his back leaning against one of the sides of the diligence and his limbs outstretched along the cushions, he half-reclined in a dreamy attitude, with his teeth set and his hands tightly pressed against his bosom, as though to restrain the beatings of his heart. The further he was borne away from Digne, the darker his countenance became.



From moment to moment, he would start up hastily, cast a glance out on the road, and then fall back into the same attitude.

Until now we have said nothing of the antecedents of the artist, and in order partly to explain the mystery that surrounds him, we find it necessary to give a few particulars concerning that individual.

[To be continued.]

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PARIS, July 12, 1867.  
6 Rue du Faubourg, Montmartre.  
DEAR SIR: I now know the exact position of the Paris Exhibition awards. Neither Wheeler & Wilson nor Howe took a medal on Sewing Machines; the former took it on Button-hole Machines, and the latter for the utility of his original invention. Mr. Goodwin, our representative at Paris, being a member of the International Jury and *hors concours*. Their immense superiority over all others was fully acknowledged by the Cross of the Legion of Honor having been bestowed on Mr. Goodwin, and we have received for our Machines the very highest prize—only 150 decorations having been given to 1,000 gold medals.

Yours truly,  
CHAS. R. GOODWIN.

150 Regent St., W. London, Aug. 7, 1867.  
DEAR SIR: I now know the exact position of the Paris Exhibition awards. Neither Wheeler & Wilson nor Howe took a medal on Sewing Machines; the former took it on Button-hole Machines, and the latter for the utility of his original invention. Mr. Goodwin, our representative at Paris, being a member of the Jury, was "hors concours," as the French have it; or, in our language, "could not compete;" but the superiority of the Machines he represented was fully recognized by his receiving the Cross of the Legion of Honor, considered of far more worth than any gold medal. Yours very truly,  
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